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POEMS & LYRICS
—♦—
JOHN YOUNG.

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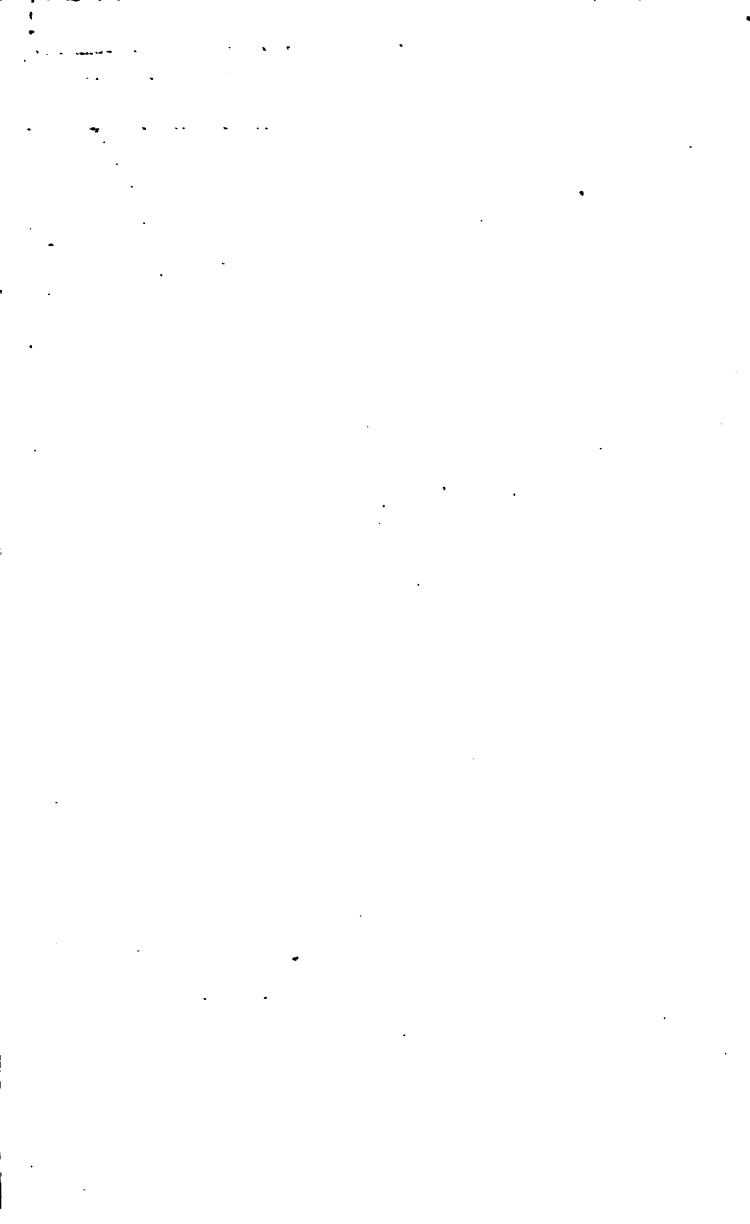
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POEMS AND LYRICS:

CHIEFLY IN

THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

JOHN YOUNG,

AUTHOR OF "HOMELY PICTURES IN VERSE," ETC.

GLASGOW:

GEORGE GALLIE, 99 BUCHANAN STREET.

1868.

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PREFACE.

It is said that at one time not fewer than seven cities strove for the honour of having been Homer's birth-place. Now, although it is *rather* unlikely that, say half-a-century hence, as many parishes in auld Caledonia will arise, each claiming me for its son ; still, being a man of peace, I am most desirous to prevent the barest possibility of such unseemly squabbles ever taking place on my account, and have resolved to inform my own age, at least, of "*the spot where I was born.*" This will serve a double purpose : first, as a sort of "Preface" (to me always a great bore) to this my fourth volume ; and second, it will satisfy the curiosity of a few patrons, who are longing for information on this very important point. Hear it, then, and be glad, thou winding "Glazart," ye towering sheep-clad "Hills," thou *bonnie* "Glen," and far-famed "Clachan," in whase "Auld Kirk" I was KIRSENEED. Hear it, I say, all of you, and be glad ; for, though not coevals, we are coparishioners. Soberly, however, and not to be tediously exact, I was born in "The Blue Raw," Milton of Campsie, Stirlingshire, on the 17th November, 1825. My parents belonged to the agricultural class, and, in order to improve their condition, they, along with my bardship, then a shaveling of five years' growth, a younger brother, and a trifle of "weel hain'd gear," removed from Campsie to the north-west quarter of Glasgow, where my worthy father began business as cow-feeder, to which he subsequently added that of carter. And here I may observe that, until overtaken, through an accidental burning, by the physical debilities with which I am now, and ever must be, afflicted, viz., an all but total want of eye-sight, and a hand badly maimed, my chief occupation was that of a carter, although, when a youth, I for a short time blew the bellows and wielded the fore-hammer to "Burnewin," and afterwards wrought for a considerable period at boiler-making in one of our large city establishments. As to school education, my advantages were very favourable ; but I grieve to say I did not avail myself of them as I ought to have

done, and I left school with but a very moderate stock indeed of book lore. Nor, in my riper years, was the nature of my private reading well fitted to act as a corrective to my schoolboy negligence, seeing that I drew the most of it from such questionable sources as the *London Journal*, *Reynold's Miscellany*, and such like. Neither, in my young days, had the youth of our city so many healthy places of public amusement to resort to as they have now for mental or physical relaxation. Then we had little better than our "Singing Saloons," and all of them licensed to sell strong drinks; where, amid the stifling fumes of tobacco pipes, the clatter of tankards, and too often the obscene jest and "cheek-extending oath," music (falsely so called, however,) was wed to Bacchus. To an occasional attendance at such gatherings, I must confess; and now that I have reached the wintry side of two score years, I revert to the habits acquired and the companionships formed by me there with far other than pleasurable feelings. Indeed, I now look upon such places as being so many *sunken reefs* upon which my young life's prospects were shattered—yea, all but totally wrecked; and were I writing a "temperance tale," I would have no lack of beacon lights wherewith to warn if not to save my fellow voyagers. This, however, has often been done, and is still a-doing, by clearer heads than mine; so I forbear, and proceed with my hasty sketch.

When in my twenty-third year took unto me "for better for worse" one, who, thanks to the kind "Father of mercies," I can still call mine own, and who, amid all the ups and downs of my chequered career, in the sacred relations of wife and mother, I have ever found true as the needle to the pole. The years 1852 and 1853 were most calamitous years to me and mine. In April of the first-named year I lost my first and best tried of earthly friends, in the death of my beloved mother, and a month afterwards, by my father's retirement from business, I was cast adrift upon the world "to beg for leave to toil;" and within the narrow circuit of the second-named period, the younger two of my three little ones died, while I myself, as already indicated, was permanently unfitted for any sort of manual labour, and had to exchange my own little home, with all its fond connections, for the Poorhouse. Poorhouse life being at best but a hum-drum affair, I shall not set the reader a-yawning by narrating my lengthy experiences of it. In justice, however, to the Parochial Board, and the officials of the establish-

ment, especially the governor, with which I was for upwards of six dreary years connected, I must say that I left it with very little serious cause of personal complaint. It was inside the dull walls of a Poorhouse, and with shame I make the confession, that I for the first time began seriously to THINK, and ultimately, by the grace of God, thought gave birth, so to speak, to REASON, and upon REASON I, after one or two failures, though not without the same divine assistance, built "Resolve,"—"that column of true majesty in man." There I first cultivated a taste for sound reading, and as my eyesight was not then so far gone as it is now, I devoured everything I could beg or borrow. There, too, I composed my first verses, not with the faintest view to publication, but simply as a pastime; and, thus employed, I spent many pleasurable and profitable hours which would otherwise have hung heavily upon my hands. By-and-by, as my MSS. began to accumulate, I, on the advice of a friend, took heart and sent one of my shorter pieces, "Nanny Whisky," to a Glasgow newspaper, and was at once made the happiest of my long-faced compeers by having "Nanny" accepted, and seeing my name in print for the first time. I did not, of course, attain to this proud position *per saltum*, but had to crawl to it most laboriously. Upon the crawling process, however, I cannot enter here, and must content myself by observing that the study of the Latin lessons, in "Cassell's Popular Educator," was of the greatest service to me in composition. In the autumn of 1859, by the interest of a friend, I got the whole of my MSS. reviewed in the columns of a Glasgow newspaper. The critique being very favourable, I was anxious to publish my book, and become an author in earnest; not so much, I assure you, my reader, in the hope that I might reap even a moderate harvest of *Fame*, as that, by the blessing of God, it might ultimately lead to my release from the galling yoke of pauperism, restore me to the sweets of home, and to her who, foolish as I had been, was yet longing to welcome the wanderer to her faithful breast. And this, under the gracious favour of Him who has the hearts and the ways of all men in his hands, and who raised up to me at this time several patrons among the wealthier of our citizens, I was enabled to set about achieving. As a first step, I left the Poorhouse on the 31st December, 1859, and getting my volume, "Lays from the Poorhouse," published in November, 1860, completed my

manumission from a soul-crushing bondage, by ceasing to be a recipient of parochial relief, returning to the waiting arms of my couthie wee bit wifockie, and to the long vacated chair "at my ain fireside." It only remains for me to add that my first volume was well received by the public, and judiciously, perhaps tenderly, handled by the critics, as were also its successors, "*Lays from the Ingle Nook*" (1862), and "*Homely Pictures in Verse*" (1864). Here, then, courteous readers, and generous critics, we part for the present, and, if it please you, thus placed—you with this, my fourth volume in your hands, my *better-half* reading to me from some favourite author, or, what pays much better, thrang skelpin' awa at the needle, making up new garments, or so manipulating the old that "they look amaist as weel's the new," while I, with my nose in loving proximity to my book, am reading to her; or, when the SPIRIT comes over me, inditing a new poem for a *fifth* volume; and, thus occupied, I once more bid each and all of you a grateful "Good-bye."

1 Swan Lane, Port-Dundas,
Glasgow, Dec., 1867.

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POEMS AND LYRICS.

The Twa Naigs :

A TALE IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.—INTRODUCTION, AND THE NAIGS DESCRIBED.

WINTER, o' storms the grizzly king,
Ance mair had been entic'd by Spring,
'Tween lo'esome airs an' pawky smiles,
To lea'e our bare nor'-wastlan isles,
And lay his tax o' ills severe
Upon our sister hemisphere;
An' sune we had forgat his harms
In rosy Simmer's balmy charms.

'Twas then that I, at chap o' prime,
Forsook our city's smeekey clime,
Whaur thrawart Fate keeps me confin'd;
Nor ae fond, "lingering look behind"

Cast I; albeit I there can claim,
And only there, the richts o' hame;
Whaur, 'mang a rowth o' carkin' cares
That look'd for come, or unawares,
There mingles, hoo I never ken,
An antrin pleasure noo an' then.

In search o' thee, blest solitude,
I dauner on in pensive mood,
Thrang, as a' rhymesters love to tell,
Croonin' a couplet to mysel';
Nor am I lang till I obtain
My object in a rural lane,
An' PEACE might never hope to gain
A spot in this our steerin' warl
Wi' whulk she'd hae less cause to quarrel.

Skirtin' green fields on ilka han'
Are trees, that i' the marriage ban'
Wad seem for lang to hae been joined,
Sae closely are their boughs entwined,
Till fondly they a veil hae spread
Abune the tired wayfarer's head,
That fends him frae the simmer shower,
Or simmer sun's meridian power;
While, nestlin' round ilk parent tree,
Are what gleg Fancy voos to be—
A smyrtrie o' their dauted bairns,
Rose bushes, marigolds, an' ferns.
Nor miss we here the bloomin' thorn,
Sweet scenter o' the breath o' morn,

Wi' mony ither favours gien
By the kind *Flora* o' the scene;
Nor sang o' bird on bush an' spray
In mony a mellow roundelay;
Nor soun' o' burnie's voice sae clear
Doun wimplin' to yon river near.

Enraptured wi' the scene aroun',
I on a dykehead sat me doun,
There to drink largely at my ease
O' joys that couldna fail to please;
When, hark! the nicher o' a steed
Dirks i' my lugs. I raise my heid,
An' there, a stane-cast south the dyke,
See twa horse beasts—but hoo unlike!
The ane inside the clovery park,
A sleeky, weel fed, sprichtly spark,
Was, little doot, his owner's brag;
The ither—a maist wretched nag,
Thanks to yon callan thrang at play
'Mang flow'rets scattered owre the way—
Has been conveyed this side the dyke,
The knee-deep gorsy gars to pike.
Yet wi' this scar-craw o' a horse
The gentle seem'd to haud discourse;
Tho', ere upon their crack we draw,
Let's try hoo we can sketch the twa.

The favoured beast, *Charlie* by name,
(The Poets aye some prescience claim)
Seemed to be risen four year aul';

In hicht, nor extra short nor tall—
Nane o' yer slim dyke-loupin' sort
That huntin' gentry keep for sport,
Nor yet a bauchel o' a beast
That wad at wark be sure to reist;
But sic as weel could tak' a part
In saddle, gig, or pleuch, or cart.
His hide, a bonnie dappled grey,
Was sleek an' glossy as a slae;
His tail, white as the driven snaw,
In length, I'm sure, was ellwans twa;
While ilka straucht, weel streekit hair
Showed that the groom an' kame were there.
Brisket* sae roomy, shanks sae clean,
His neck arched, as if ne'er had been,
By rider's haun, a bridle ta'en
Abune that noble neck an' mane.
And O sic heid, sic lugs, sic een!
Their match afore I ne'er had seen:
Sae sma', sae cockit, an' sae clear,
That to this hour I'm bauld to swear,
Had ye no fan' Perfection there,
'Tis no 'mang horse beasts onywhere;
An' surely I, wha've been brocht up
'Mang far-famed champions o' the whup,
An' wha's first joy was naigs to drive,
Should ken hoo mony beans mak' five.

The ither beast was *Smilar* ca'd;
An' sic a ghastrlin' o' a yaud

* Brisket—the breast.

The ne'er o' me had seen till then;
 An' hope I ne'er may see again.
 As to the colour o' the beast,
 I, colour blin', for ance at least,
 If sworn, had been richt laith to say.
 'Twas nouthar marly, white, nor grey,
 Piebald, nor broun, nor black, nor bay;
 Tho'; when it colour had ava,
 It micht been ony o' them a';
 But noo, 'twas sae ower-gane wi' dirt,
 It seemed o' the CHAMELEON sort,
 An' mair I canna answer for't.
 Yet there were still some sma' remains
 In that sharp rickle o' bare banes—
 In that gleg e'e—that bawsant face—
 O' former symmetry an' grace,
 That showed, when at his proper fettle,
 He'd been a naig o' gallant mettle.
 But noo his shouthers an' his back
 A rider's breeks would sairly chack,
 An' his puir hurdies hapless hack;
 His broken hide an' fleshless ribs,
 Sair draughts an' mony empty cribs,
 Mair than auld age, hae laid a tax
 (His years, I'm sure, were barely sax)
 Upon the beast, hard to be borne,
 Hoo' bricht soe'er his youthfu' morn.
 Yet, see him whusk his touzie tail
 About him soupple as a flail;
 And aye the tither hearty funk *

* To funk—to kick.

When vampire clegs his bluid hae drunk—
Ye'd think him still a beast o' spunk.

Sic is an ootline o' the twa
Rare naigies I that mornin' saw,
When I'd an early dauner ta'en
Adoun my favourite rural lane;
An' noo let's hear what kind confab
Fell frae ilk ither's cracky gab.

PART II.—THE TULZIE BEGINS.

CHARLIE.

“ Queer lookin' member o' oor race,
Your's sure maun be a waefu' case :
Sae muckle sae, ill-favoured frien',
Ye cow ocht that I e'er hae seen,
An' mony beggarly rough hides
Come browsin' here by thae dyke-sides;
Tho', till I've fa'n in wi' yoursel',
Wi' siccan cattle I'd ne'er mell,
No e'en sae muckle as to say,
' Guid mornin', ' or, ' Whaur cam' ye frae ?'
But *Dignity's* aye gart me aim
To keep the win' 'tween me and them.
Nor can I un'erstan't ava
Hoo I'm inclined to ye to draw;
But there's a something o' a charm
' Bout ye that mak's my heart grow warm—
Something that pins me to ye fast
Despite the lowness o' yer caste,

An' gars me wish to hear yer crack,
 An', aiblins, yer acquaintance mak'.
 Whaur cam' ye frae, an' what's yer name?
 Wha brocht ye here, an' wha lays claim
 To yer puir rickle o' a body?
 To ferriers a lang towmond's study
 Whether to class't mule, naig, or cuddy;
 Or, aiblins, nouth'er o' the three,
 But something smuggled owre the sea
 Frae some strange corner o' the yearth,
 Whaur antic creatures hae their birth.
 Let's hear, for patience winna thol't,—
 In wunner's name, whaur were ye foal't?"

SMILAR.

"Sir, dinna fyle yer *Dignity*
 By taukin to the like o' me;
 For I nor priz't, nor thank ye for't,
 An' *Pride* looks clatty i' the dirt.
 Nae doot yer *Honour's* unco great,
 An's seen mair than ye'd like to eat;
 Tho', judgin' by yer girth o' wame,
 At meal hours ye're ne'er far frae hame,
 Forbye, in clover to the knees,
 To munch at ony time ye please.
 I'm no a puir lick-spittle nag,
 That, 'mang ye great anes, snool and beg
 For favours gifted wi' a grudge;
 But juist a leal, hard-working drudge,
 Wha's only boast is, he has swat
 For mair guid things than e'er he gat.

As for the judgment ye hae pass'd
 Upon the lowness o' my caste,
 I'm bauld to say, wi' due deference
 To your sharp wut an' my appearance—
 That my forbears, sin' the creation,
 Hae occupied as high a station
 As yours—seed, breed, and generation.
 As for my name, yer honour's book
 Is, dootless, fill'd in ilka nook
 Wi' names o' titled anes, an' fine,
 Sae I'se no trouble ye wi' mine.
 Noo, wallow 'mang yer clover there,
 An' lea'e me to my coarser fare,—
 I'm sick o' yer distinguished care."

CHARLIE.

"Hech, ye're an independent chiel!
 An' while I like yer spirit weel,
 Despite o' ocht amiss I've said,
 I think ye micht be better bred
 Than ply yer knotty aiken rung
 O' an ill-set, sarcastic tongue
 Sae savagely upon the skull
 O' ane that disna wish ye ill.
 O' yer distress, ye may believe me,
 'Twad gie me pleasure to relieve ye,
 In place o' sayin' ocht to grieve ye;
 And as ye seem a naig o' sense,
 I hope ye'll pardon the offence.
 My name is Charlie—sae let slip
 A' bant'rin' 'bout my *Honourship*;

For, tho' ye see me fat an' braw,
 I'm but a plain beast after a',
 An' poortith ne'er yet i' my e'e
 Disgraced an honest pedigree,
 Nor sall it noo dae sae wi' ye.
 But please acquaint me, hapless wicht,
Hoo ye are in sae sad a plicht."

PART III.—SMILAR'S HISTORY.

SMILAR.

"Weel, Charlie, an' *that* tune ye start,
 Discordance shanna be my part;
 Tho', when ye speak o' ruckle tongues,
 Wi' pith o' knotty aiken rungs,
 Ye'll aiblins min' ye didna hain
 Juist sic a cudgel o' yer ain.
 Na, trowth, ye ken ye werna slack
 To len' me mony a lounerin' whack—
 An' guid to gie's no ill to tak'—
 But whilk I heartily forgie,
 An' byganes noo sall byganes be."

CHARLIE.

"That's richt, auld frien'; I'm glad to hear it—
 Wow, but ye hae a noble speerit
 As e'er possessed the gayest spanker:
 Noo, to yer tale, nor langer hanker."

SMILAR.

"My name is Smilar, an' my mither
 Was the ae mare o' Bob M'Quither,

A decent sort o' farmer body,
Wha, near the toun o' auld Kilwuddie,
(In doric sang lang famous made
For healthy veal an' gingerbread)
On saxty acres o' guid lan'
Eydently plied a skilfu' han',
An' wi' the help o' me an' mither
Maun't to keep thack an' rape thegither.
My mither, tho' I say't mysel',
Ne'er saw the beast could her excel
In readiness to dae her part
In pleuch or harness, gig or cart;
While she was canny i' the saddle,
An' at yer wull wad doucely paidle,—
Yet, gie her but the forward word,
She'd tak' the road like ony burd.
I was my minnie's only foal,
Was counted aye a beastie droll,
An' herded 'mang the kye an' nowte
For simmers three, a steerin' cowl,
Before my banes in pith we e teuch
To face the darg o' cart or pleuch.
Folk thocht me aye a fiery chap,
An' when they'd first the brecham clap
In owre my lugs, I rear't an' kick't,
An' for my pains gat soun'ly lick't:
Till, fin'in' lickin' was nae joke,
I sune took kindly to the yoke,
An' by my minnie's side ere lang
Could dae a' turns—a' gates could gang;
Nor wad hae left my auld Kilwudd

To been made Prince o' Royal stud.
But sune, alake! sic pleasures stoppit—
Our maister dee't—a' things were roupit;
My minnie was ta'en south the Tweed,
And I, a wretched life to lead,
Was into Glasca city brocht,
Whaur at coal cawin' I hae wrocht,
Till noo I'm dune an' fit for nocht."

CHARLIE.

"Puir Smilar! I jaloosed as muckle.
But hoo does't come ye had to knuckle
To sic vile usage o' yer body,
When hoo to toil was a' yer study?
Man, I'd hae earned the name o' *Prode*,*
An' row't me hourly i' the road,
Ere I'd hae drawn anither load.
Say, was yer fare pinch't, or eneuch?
An' gaed ye daily to the heugh?"

SMILAR.

"The heugh! man Charlie, is that a'
Ye ken?—there's nae heughs there ava.
Their coals are brocht by boat an' rail
Into the toun: nor maun ye fail
To tug yer aucht rake onie day
Frae the Tounheid to Lancefield Quay,
Whilk's aucht an' forty miles at least—
Nae bad day's wark for ony beast.

* A Prode—a horse who is very able, but fearfully unwilling, to work.

'Bout our reward, there's less or mair o't,
 Tho' this was maistly a' my share o't :
 Frae morn till nicht ne'er out the yoke,
 A' day but little i' my poke ;
 An' when at e'en I wad get lows'd,
 And in my wretched stable housed,
 A scanty supper, hayless rack,
 A straeless bed, a sooin' back ;
 Sair shouthers—muckle broken skin—
 Stiff shanks, an' badly fitted shune :
 A' whilk, for towmonds twa or mair,
 Has been my ornar bill o' fare."

CHARLIE.

" O man, O man ! an' can there be
 Abroad sic deevlish cruelty
 'Mang e'en the warst o' gallows knaves,
 To use their puir, hard-workin' slaves
 At sic a' rate ? But, bide a blink :
 There's a Society, I think,
 For whilk our Laird his pursie draws,
 That's strongly fenced wi' British laws,
 To grup a' scounrels by the lugs
 That ill-use cuddies, naigs, or dugs,
 Or ocht that moves—e'en fleas or bugs.
 Hoo comes it then ye're sae down haudden ?
 Has this Society been noddin' ? "

SMILAR.

" Na, Charlie, na ; for a' disasters
 That fa' on us thro' wicked masters,

Yer *Board* applies its healin' plasters,
 An' ne'er was mair alert than noo
 To gie naig-wrangin' rogues their due.
 Yet, Charlie, I'm no vera sure,
 Whether this *wad-be* perfect cure
 Gies to the patient muckle ease,
 Or adds mair fire to the disease :
 I'd scarce approve't had I a vote—
 At least, I wad be jubous o't.
 But ye sall hear hoo, in my case,
 Yer Board administered solace."

CHARLIE.

"Ay, man, o' that I'd like to hear :
 It i' my lugs soun's something queer.
 An', gif it turns out as ye say,
 The Board has, somehoo, gane astray :
 An' feth, our Laird is no the han'
 To pay for an ill workin' plan ;
 But things maun a' like clockwork gang,
 Or he rins wud an' ocht gaes wrang."

SMILAR.

"That may be sae, an' richt it should be
 That ilka honest man may wud be,
 When he his cash has distributed
 For guid, an' little guid comes out o't ;
 But judge ye o' the case yersel'
 When I my waefu' story tell.
 My maister's name was Jock M'Gaw—
 A dounricht sorrow he to ca'—

Play'd cards, an' ran up drucken scores;
While I'd be staunen, left for hours
Till stocket sair, at chinge-house doors.
Nor was it whan the trade was slack,
Jock wad his spates o' drinkin' tak',
But when hill-gaffers ran red wud,
An' mony shippers' orders stood
For want o' man an' beast to ca'
Sic orders to the Broomielaw;
Whan swearin' skippers madly roared
To hae their cargoes put on board,
An' frantic shippers wad employ
Ony auld crazed hobdehoy,
That scarce had half a leg to staun on,
Far less four sturdy anes to gang on.
'Twas then, but hoo I ne'er could tell,
Jock maistly gaed upon the gell,
An' left me staunen by mysel';
Till by comes some blue-coated lad,
An' lugs me wi' him aff to quad,
Whaur Jock wad stoiterin' come belyve,
An', Jehu-like, me back wad drive,
When he had o' a pledge been shorn
To answer at the Court neist morn—
Tho' rarely Jock gaed near the Court,
But gar't my carcass suffer for't:
Thus lieges frae a' skaith could claim
Due safety out my hunger't wame.
Nae doot the lieges had a dreed
That sic a weel fed, fiery steed
As I wad sma' occasion need

Alang their crooked streets to dash,
 And o' their lives mak' great stramash ;
 For e'en then, Charlie, I was spunkie :
 An' had some wild, mischievous monkey
 O' callan, prood o' his new whip,
 Gien me a reissle owre the hip,
 There's little doot awa I'd ran,
 Ca'd owre some kail-wife's rickly staun,
 An' left her sprauchlin' i' the straun.
 I ne'er was thocht a fitless beast,
 Nor steyst brae could gar me reist ;
 But ae day, somehoo, doun I cam',
 Clean belly-flaucht, an' snapt a tram ;
 While i' the cowp, as I suppose,
 My sairs had huff't some gentle nose,
 For in a crack up staps a gent,
 Jock's num'er taks, and neist day sent
 A summons to the J. P. Court,
 Whaur Jock, to cut the matter short,
 Is fined three pounds : he canna raise
 The cash, an' maun gae saxty days
 To jail for workin' o' his hack
 When lame's a post, an' cut in back,—
 A' whilk was sworn to on the word
 O' twa officials o' yer Board."

CHARLIE.

" An' serve them richt, ilk scounrel base,
 That ony beastie sae could use
 As Jock M'Gaw has used his Smilar ;
 And O ! I hope the rascal's jailor

May fail in nocht to pike his banes
 Ere he his liberty regains.
 But, Smilar, ye maun yet explain
 Hoo ye was dubious, i' the main,
 About our gran' Board i' the city,
 Tho' 'twasna *derelict* in duty."

SMILAR.

"No juist sae fast, my learned frien';
 For, tho' I kenna what ye mean
 By *derelick*, this I *dae* ken :
 I ne'er was sae abus'd till then—
 Ne'er sae mislipped, sae neglecket,
 Till I was by yer Board protecket.
 The hinmost sicht o' Jock I saw
 Was when to Court he snoov'd awa';
 Yet, ere he gaed, he didna fail
 To bring me for my mornin's meal
 O' bran, an' neeps, an' tattie hash—
 A reamin', steamin', glorious mash ;
 For, ye maun ken, Jock was a clever,
 (Nae mortal man can drink for ever)
 Kind chiel, when he'd frae drink abstain,
 As e'er took pownie by the rein ;
 An' ne'er a gleg horse couper billie
 Than Jock was o' a beast mair skillie,
 An' search the shire o' Lanark wide,
 Ye widna fin' a better guide.
 But oh ! that fiery, raw grain whisky—
 Waes me ! it play'd him mony a plisky :
 It set him savage as a teigar,

An' wrocht me harder than a neegar ;
It stole his siller, toom'd my pock—
A very deil it made o' Jock ;
Gart him like duddie beggar rin,
An' me wear graith that shav'd my skin,
Till he again pit in the pin.
Yet when 'twas in, an' firmly squeez'd
As he thocht, aye sae weel 'twas greas'd
That, while his cart, sair 'gainst my ease,
Gaed screechin' for the want o' grease,
That creeshie pin, without a doot,
Some early day cam' boutin' oot,
An' Jock again was i' the grups
O' the fell charmer o' his cups ;
While stocket shanks an' scrimpit fare
Was Smilar's cruel fate ance mair.
In short, drink was the fruitfu' source
O' a' the waes o' man an' horse.
But Jock was gane, and there I stood
For three days, Charlie, wanting food,
Nor ane to speir me hoo I did,
Till yon bit callan, Tammie Curl—
To wham I had gien mony a hurl,
An' wha's kind haun had aften fed
My famish'd wame wi' bits o' bread—
Chancin' to miss me aff the road,
Slipt in to see hoo matters stood.
He frae a neebor gossip learns
(Puir Jock has nouthier wife nor bairns)
The hale affair ; nor did he falter,
But slipt in owre my lugs a halter,

An' led me on at cannie pace
To this lowne, garsy, bonnie place,
Whaur, gif I dinna be turn'd oot,
I'll aiblins sune my strength recruit ;
An' Jock, wha kens, ere thro' his session,
May hae pick'd up some usefu' lesson,
An' bools 'tween him an' me may rin
Richt smoothly yet for a' he's dune.
Noo, Charlie, that's my history ;
An' gif ye'll yours tell owre to me,
I'se eat a bite o' this lang garse,
Nor miss ae word that ye rehearse ;
For, trowth, we hae been crackin' lang,
And anxious I am to get strang,—
Tho', an' my vigour be restor'd,
I winna need to thank the Board,
Whase members boast they tak' the part
O' ilk puir drudge in tow or cart,
An' yearly in some public ha'
They owre their labours crouselly crawl—
But, as I've said, I'se eat a bite,
While ye yer tale o' life recite."

PART IV.—CHARLIE'S HISTORY.

Thus far, save when some rascal clegs
Claim'd the attention o' our naigs,
There had nae sort o' breakage been
In their discourse; but Smilar's frien',

Wee Tammie Curl, noo cam' wi' speed,
 An' aff his GRATEFU' ward did lead
 (I've seen less gratitude 'mang men
 Than was displayed by Smilar then :
 He seem'd mair satisfied an' frisky
 Than e'er a Jock did owre his whisky,
 While Charlie's nicherin' chim'd in,
 "Weel dune, wee Tammie Curl, weel dune"),
 Whiles by the lug, whiles by the mane,
 Some paces farder down the lane,
 Whaur, at his ease, an' till his likin',
 He'd hae a twa hours noble pikin'.
 Nor did his rich acquaintance lea' him,
 But fit for fit he joggit wi' him,
 Still keepin' south the dyke, nae doot,
 An' sure he'd been a senseless brute
 Gif he had ventured to come forth
 Into the cauldrie, barren north,
 E'en to encourage sterlin' worth.
 Unlike some o' the human race,
 Charlie fu' brawly kent his place :
 He had the grup, an' feth he'd hand it,
 While common sense the act applauded.
 Be that's it may, as Smilar fed
 He harkened weel to a' 'twas said.
 Charlie, wi' aspect far frae bauld,
 Thus courteously his story tauld :—

CHARLIE.

"Weel, Smilar, lad, I ne'er hae stroll'd
 Far frae the neuk whaur I was foal'd,

An' that was 'neath the cozie biel
O' yon ash i' this vera fiel'.
Oor Laird is owner o' mair laun
Than can be seen frae whaur we staun,
Yet keeps nae horse beast but mysel',
Sae nocht that's steerin' I've to tell.
He gangs but seldom to the toun,
An' maistly likes to daunner roun'
His big estate on his ain feet,
An' rarely mounts the saddle's seat.
Trowth, were'tna for the women folk,
For him, I'm sure, my shanks nicht stock;
An' hech! but I am unco big
When i' the jauntin' car or gig
I tak' them for a day's gallantin',
An' share their joyous fun an' rantin'.
Whiles, when the gig I dinna rin in't,
I'm lent out to some canny tenant
The Laird kens winna dae me harm,
To help for twa days on the farm,
To ploo or harrow, lead in hay,
Or ocht else that comes in the way;
An' muckle I enjoy the same—
It cheers my hum-drum life at hame.
My only toil that's ocht severe
Haps in the howe en' o' the year,
When leafy trees their treasures cast,
Shook by the snell nor'-wastlan blast,
An' screechin' corbies flee in shoals:
Then I bring hame the winter's coals—
A' that our ain big house requires

To keep in trim its rousin' fires ;
 Forbye twall carts, or aiblins mair,
 Our Laird deals out amang the puir.
 For, tho' in aspect something stern,
 He has the saft heart o' a bairn,
 An' canna see puir bodies starvin' ;
 Tho' some o' them are ill deservin',
 An' scant o' gratitude an' honour :
 They aft his mercies basely squanner.
 The sairest trouble e'er I had
 Was when a bummler, Mick M'Fad,
 A wad-be ferrier, feckless coof,
 In shoein' me ance prick'd my hoof,
 The whilk fu' sune began to fester,
 An' had it no been that the maister
 Upon it wair't his tenty care,
 Wi' cleanin' poultice late an' ear',
 As like as no I'd ne'er again
 Set down that fit withouten pain.
 But ne'er ye heed, I sorted Mick,
 An' lent him a remembrance kick
 The neist time I gaed to the smiddy,
 An' he to grup my heels was ready.
 I doot na, Smilar, but ye hae
 Fu' aft been serv'd in the same way."

SMILAR.

"Houts, I've been pricked to the quick
 Till scarce a hoof I've left to prick :
 Whilk minds me o' a gran' exploit
 I ance transackit when a cowte,

While yet I a' my gates could rin
Wi' supple heels withouten shoon.
Weel, when 'twas set I should be shod
Like ither beasties for the road,
An' they'd conveyed me to the smiddy,
I flang an' strack at ilka body,
Till muckle-baned, stout Geordie Howe,
Wham beast was never kent to cove,
My near hin' leg grupt in a trice,
An' held it as 'twere in a vice ;
Syne girnin' leuch'd, to steer he daur'd me,
An' heth I thocht he wad hae waur'd me—
Till, getherin' a' my wrathfu' power,
I flung the boaster to the door,
Whilk feat had ne'er been dune before.
But, trowth, for that I gat my fairin',
For Geordie fell'd me deid's a herrin',
An' coward like, when I was doun,
Wi' tows he girt my shanks aroun' ;
And in that posture I gat ca'd
The first four shoon that e'er I had.
Sin' then thro' coarsest hauns I've cam',
Yet aye stood peacefu' as a lamb—
Tho' thraward ance as ony ram."

CHARLIE.

"Man, Smilar, ye're a rare divert,
An' nocht wad seem to dunt yer heart :
Tho' had I suffer'd half yer waes,
I ne'er had nicher'd a' my days,
But frae sic ills to win awa'

I'd hung mysel' in my ain sta',
Or in some auld coal heugh or well,
As I'm a naig, I'd droun't mysel';
As did a dowg our Laird ance had,
O' wham the fleesome story gaed
That he had gat the *hydrophoby*—
Tho' fient a haet was wrang wi' Toby,
As was approven by the manner
He took to fecht wi' life nae langer.
The *fama* brak puir Toby's heart,
When a' his friens did him desert;
An' shunned he was by man an' woman,
Tho' dauted ance abune the common.
Nae kindly word nor look gat he—
Nae touch o' fellow sympathy;
For in the parish no a dowg
Wi' him wad wag a tail or lug.
But hear the cope-stane o' his wae:—
The bairns that wi' him used to play
In simmer days upon the green,
E'en they forsook an' cut their frien'.
He couldna stan't: sae to the pool,
Whaur aft he'd gane his drouth to cool,
He trotted aff to end the matter
In twa guid fathoms deep o' water,—
Howl'd till the simmer welkin rang
Wi' his distress; syne in he sprang,
An' 'neath the flood held down his heid
Till there he floated stiff and deid.—
But pardon for this lang digression
'Bout Toby's fate, sae heart distressin'."

SMILAR.

“Nae pardon, Charlie, need ye crave :
O’ ills I’ve been owre lang the slave
To grudge a sympathisin’ lug
E’en to the troubles o’ a dowg ;
Tho’ I, ’mid a’ my sturt and strife,
Fu’ dourly yet hae clung to life.
Hae ye aye missed the touts an’ plagues,
That, mair or less, afflict us naigs ?”

CHARLIE.

“Ay, Smilar, lad, I canna mind
When I’d a tout o’ ony kind ;
An’ real pain, or sair distress,
I’ve ne’er yet fand upon me press.
I’ve had a touch o’ a sair wame—
Thanks to mysel’, an’ mair’s the shame—
When I had cramm’d my greedy kyte
Wi’ some by ornar tastie bite.
Witness ae simmer nicht last year—
The mune an’ stars were shinin’ clear—
I lap this dyke wi’ greatest ease,
An’ till a field o’ early peas
Our Laird had sawn at the house en’
I stowlans slipt—brak’ in—an’ then,
I needna say, I gied my pechan
O’ the green crap a hearty stechan.
But oh ! I sautly paid indeed,
Ere mornin’, for my thievish greed ;—
Ay, Smilar, in this vera field,
I breinged an’ kick’d, I row’d an’ squeal’d

While at ilk grup I could hae sworn
I wad hae dee't afore the morn.
But early mornin' brocht the Laird,
An' sune he saw hoo Charlie fared ;
Syne wi' a cog o' saut an' water,
He men't the *melancholic* matter,—
Tho', 'tweel, he had an awsome battle
To pour the stuff in owre my thrapple.
As to my ornar fare, your lot
Winna let me be speakin' o't ;—
Eneuch to say, ill trysted stranger,
I live ilk day at heck an' manger.
This minds me ye hae redd up clearly
A fack, at whilk ye hinted merely :
To wut, that our Society,
Formed to prevent a' cruelty,
Ocht to provide for the puir beast,
Or see that sic be dune at least,
When they've applied their skelpin' taws
To the hard hides o' Jock M'Graws.
For my ain pairt, I canna quarrel
Wi' the on-gangin' o' the warl ;
Nor will I in a het oration
Misca' the '*Lords o' the Creation*,—
Tho', 'tween oursels, I maun confess't,
They're selfish lordlins at the best.
For ilka social ill they've got
Some never-failin' antidote :
By virtue o' weel-paid-for care,
They've boards to feed an' cleed their puir—
Limmers reform—an' muckle mair ;

They've hospitals for a' diseases,—
Na, for the prowlin' rogue that seizes
Their gentry's weel fill'd, gaucy purses,
In jail, they've gotten tender nurses.
'Mang what they ca' the lower kin',
They're byous fond o' dowgs an' swine :
Lest grumphie's health in city fail him,
They vote him a suburban dwallin' ;
An' dowgies hae for a' disasters
A rowth o' potions, pills, an' plasters,
An' refuge biels when out o' masters ;
While sportsmen fin' it noo nae joke is,
'To fecht a pair o' banton cockies.
But when for us the laws they wield,
An' frae ill maisters wad us shield,
They o' the wrangers mak' a seizure,
An' lea' the wrang'd to starve at leisure.
Yet, Smilar, surely when our age
Sae mony ills wad fain assuage,
The sunny morn may be expecket
When naigs 'ill no be sae neglecket.
An' noo guid e'en ;—to lead ye hame,
I see here comes wee ostler Tam,
Wi' looks as happy, cheeks as red,
As if he werena city bred.
An' see :—the thochtfu' callan's shorn
What garse 'ill pit ye by till morn ;
A bunch o' brackens cut forbye,
On whilk this nicht ye'll saftly lie.
Again, guid e'en : come when ye like,
Puir neebor, to my garsy dyke."

SMILAR.

“ Guid e’enin’, sir, an’ mony thanks
For this day’s feedin’ on yer banks,
Whaur I hae ate a hearty wamefu’;
And o’ me ’twad be base an’ shamefu’,
Sin’ ye hae freed me o’ the lawin’,
To pass yer way, an’ no to ca’ in.
But ye o’ this may spare my aith—
To come again I’se no be laith,
An’ hear ye crack, an’ ’twere nae mair,
Ye’ve sic a walletfu’ o’ lair.”

By this wee Tam had maunt to stack,
Wi’ help o’ twine, on Smilar’s back,
(What callan e’er, time oot o’ min’,
But keeps his twathree ell o’ twine?)
The garse an’ brackens. Noo he’s taen
The beastie kindly by the mane,
And owre his nose has slipt the rein;
Syne, wi’ the posie o’ wild flowers
He’d gather’d in his leisure hours,
Just as the July afternoon
Is to the gloamin’ wearin’ doun,
The pair jog slowly back to toun.
Gude kens, I wasna rowth o’ cash,
But in my pouch my haun play’d dash,
Whaur as it chanc’d I had a shillin’,
Whilk haunen to the noble callan,
I bade him ware the piece in corn
Upon his needfu’ frien’ neist morn,

Then slippet quately to himsel'
A bran new coin that pleas'd him well.
Nor could I help the breathin' there
A silent, but an earnest, prayer,
That HE, wha cares for man an' beast,
Wad "pit some havins in the breast"
O' him to wham the naig belongs
That's mourn'd in thae our doric sangs,
And sae ne'er mair may yield himsel'
To the curs'd demon o' the stell.

Wee Tammie Curl.

A SHAVER droll was Tammie Curl,
Wham naigie Smilar used to hurl,
When Jock M'Graw, wha ne'er was lazy,
Tho' druckensome, at wark was bizzy.
Wee Tammie's care o' dowie Smilar,
Whan Jock the ward was o' the jailor,
Possess'd, I thocht, sae muckle merit,
As wad repay me out to ferrit
His tale o' life,—and noo I gie
This outline o' his history.

Few bairns, I fancy, but are ready
An' proud to point ye out their daddie ;
An' fewer still hae ony swither,
E'en 'mang a crowd, to ken their mither.

But Tammie Curl, wee hapless mannie,
 Nae nearer kin had than a grannie ;
 Nor am I sure but 'twas debated
 If they to ither were related,—
 At least, by gossips 'twas disputed,
 An' muckle talk there was about it.

The story gaed that Grannie Wricht
 Return'd ae blust'ry winter nicht
 Frae gaun her rouns aboot the city,
 Whaur lang she'd laid a tax on pity,
 An' brocht hame, thro' the sleety rain,
 A thumpin', sax-month laddie wean—
 A dochter's bairn, as she asserted,
 That some base fallow had deserted.
 An' frae that nicht, in grannie's warl,
 The bairn was kent as Tammie Curl.

'Twas in a dark an' noisome vennel—
 Fouler than e'er was ony kennel
 In whulk his Honour's hounds are keepit—
 That our wee hero nichtly sleepit,
 Whan he'd been taen by grannie roun'
 Ilk likely corner o' the toun,
 Whaur, on pretence o' sellin' tea,
 But beggin' in reality,
 She maun't, but hoo I canna think,
 To mak' her meat o't, whiles her drink.

Need I avoo that grannie's biggin'
 Was wretchedness frae flair to riggin',—

Was bare an' black as mirkest nicht ?
A winnock clouted 'gainst the licht ;
Some orra trash ; a rickly grate ;
An auld sape barrel the only seat ;
And i' the benmost neuk outspread,
A pickle shavins a' the bed.
But let me haud—Cruickshank wad fail
This den o' mis'ry to unveil.

'Twas here, whaur no a dowg wad bide,
An' wi' a vile wanchancie guide,
That Tammie Curl to life awoke
An' bent his shouthers to the yoke.
Nor had four towmonts o'er him sped,
Till i' the spunk an' blecknin' trade
The bairn's set up by thochtfu' grannie,
To wham he wi' his winnins ran aye ;
While she, in turn, to weet her throttle,
The aftner noo ran wi' the BOTTLE.

An' yet the bairn, in sic a dwallin'
Brocht up, an' to sae base a callin',
They say a' bodies were observin' ;
Tho' raggit aye, he ne'er was starvin' ;
For out o' grannie's awmous pock
He fed like ony fechtin' cock.
Kind friens, 'twas said, wad aften gie him
New claes ; but i' the auld ye'd see him
Gaun flaffin' aye, tho' dowie hearted
Was Tam, when wi' the new he parted.

But young heart sairs are easy healed,
An' sorrow never lang prevailed
Owre Tammie Curl ; but in a crack,
Wi' his sma' wares upon his back,
An' fu' o' sang as ony lintie,
Or heir in sicht o' ane a' twenty,
His ilka customer he'd ca' on ;
An' no ae bawbee o' his drawin'
But gaed to grannie 'bune a' ithers,
As if she were the best o' mithers.

But bairns are bairns 'mang puirest bodies,
An' Tammie Curl wi' naigs an' cuddies,
An' eke their drivers, grim an' sooty,
Wad noo an' then negleck his duty.
An' hech but he was wondrous proud
When i' the cart he was allowed
To haud the rein an' crack the whup,
An' sing out, " Cuddie, hup, gee, hup."—
Then spunks an' blecknin', box an' a',
Tam for a time threw tae the wa'.

O' doos an' rabbits, cocks an' hens,
Fond was he ; an' to mak' amens
For lack o' sic, he'd gang to see them
Twa mile a-gate, an' moolins gie them :
Whulk dauners, while they pennies lost him,
Frae grannie mony lickens cost him.
But let her dae her best to clout him,
The carlin ne'er could lick it out him ;

Tho' here the truth maun be confess'd,
'Twas seldom Tammie sae transgress'd.

On this ae point, but on nae ither,
Tam was rebellious a'thegither :
Aye pliable to things in common,
Unyielding here as ony Roman,—
He'd whisky bring on nae pretence,
Tho' paiket sair for the offence.
No ; tho' she'd lick him black an' blue,
Wad he help grannie to get fou ;
Nor wad he taste it—an' what wunner !
The vera smell o't gart him scunner.

When she wi' drink could barely stoiter,
Yet 'bout the chinge-house still wad loiter
Till e'en her cronies wadna heed her,
Tam to her den wad kindly lead her,
Whaur he wad guard her frae a' harm,
An' coax the fire to keep her warm
Wi' bits o' coals that his ain hauns
Had that day picket out the strauns.
And O what tears that watcher shed
O'er her that lay there waur than dead !

In truth, when we think on his schoolin',
Tam was a maist by ornar callan.
An' when the feck o' vennel youngers
'Mang dirt were squatted on their hunkers,
Or here an' there gaed prowlin' thievin',

While parents busy were receivin'—
On duty still, an' something saucy,
Tam kept the cantle o' the causey;
An' no ae snell rogue-catchin' churl
Durst lay a haun on Tammie Curl.

But Death, wha'd tarry noo nae langer,
Auld grannie nail't in perfect anger,
Tho' he the job to *Drink* deputed,
An' thus his henchman gaed aboot it:
Ae winter day, wi' ceaseless thrift,
The snaw had fa'n an' lay in drift,
As grannie tounwards stagger'd late,
Sae dazed wi' drink she tint her gate;
An' neist morn, by a kintra laird,
Was 'mid a snaw wreath gotten smoor'd.

A black fir bier the parish gied her,
And in a clayey hole they laid her
Wi' callous air an' haste indecent.
Nor was ae sympathiser present
To join the tribute o' ae tear
Wi' Tammie's owre auld grannie's bier,—
Ay, tho' she ne'er had used him weel,
Nor lodged him in a cozie biel,
That day, while snaw flakes round him drave,
He grat an' sabbit owre her grave.

The parish noo, on succour bent,
Had Tammie to the puirhouse sent,

Whaur he'd obtain a kinder lot ;
But 'tweel Tam thocht no muckle o't.
To rise an' lie down at the jow
O' an auld bell—tease taurie tow—
Rin at ilk sour official's ca'—
Couldna gang down wi' Tam ava ;
Sae to get redd o' siccan fyke,
Ere three weeks he had speel't the dyke.

O Freedom ! sweet 'bune a' compare,
Tam for thy sake wad rather share
The random fortune o' the craws
Than lord it within puirhouse wa's ;
Suner than be a prisoned pauper,
He'd risk the want o' bed an' supper.
Tho', 'mang coal-cawers an' sic cattle,
He maun't by day to fecht his battle ;
And i' their stable-lafis, when weary,
At nicht he sleepit soun's a peerie.

But Tam was noo sae big an' stout,
He was affronted to gang out,
As was his wont, 'mang kindly folks,
Wi' spunks an' blecknin' in his box.
A rowth o' hurlin' noo he gat,
As, whiles wi' this ane, whiles wi' that,
He joyous gaed to the coal hill,
Whaur he'd assist their carts to fill,
Or haud their beasts an' waur the beagle
When i' the chinge-house they wad taigle.

'Twas noo that Tammie gat acquaint
 Wi' yon auld naig, wha's tale o' want
 Sent aff in haste our doric muse
 To sip afresh Castalian dews.
 Nor did he fail to tent the beast
 Till Jock frae prison was released,
 An' Smilar, noo baith hale an' cantie,
 Owre Jock's hame-comin' nicher't vauntie ;
 While for his pains wee Tammie Curl
 Gat mony a rakin' ride an' hurl.

At length he gat a steady billet,
 An' aye richt faithfully did fill it ;
 And, as sic beasts were 'bout him triumph aye,
 His maister gied him a bit grumphie,
 Whilk had a litter by an' bye
 O' sax rare squeakers in her sty,
 Short nosed, an' glossy i' the skin—
 In fack, prize-takers ilka ane.
 Whilk was the first start i' the warl
 To oor fell birkie, Tammie Curl.

Ah happy days ! whaur are ye noo ?
 When 'twas nae crime to keep a soo ;
 When he that had a but an' ben
 Micht keepit twa in ilka en',
 Nor had a fear o' police court,
 That noo-a-days wad vex him for't.
 O' swine we've dootless yet a hantle,
 But ne'er a snout maun gie a gruntle

Within boun's o' our royal borough,
Or sune their owners come to sorrow.

For sake o' blessings sanitary,
Pigfeeders noo their brock maun carry,
An' rear their stock twa mile a-gate
Frae ilk blue-coated Charlie's beat.
Braw days for grumphy! 'tweel a-wat,
I kenna what folk wad be at,
When piggeries maun be keepit a'
As clean as ony lordie's ha',
An' no a midden i' the toun
But maun be covered roun' an' roun'!

Be that's it may, we's to our tale :
Tam hurl't his piggies in for sale
When aucht weeks auld ; an' search a' barrows,
That day ye wadna fan' their marrows.
Sae shapely a' frae tails to snouties,
Judges declared them perfect beauties.
Wi' queries Tam was troubled raither,
Wha was their mither? wha their faither?
Whaur cam' they frae? were they guid eaters?
He'd dootless for them hae competers.

'Twas sae : Tam scarce made his appearance
Till o' his stock he'd gat a clearance,
Drew fifteen shillins for the brawest,
An' twa croons for the very sma'est,
While proud to the report he harkit

That better pigs ne'er stood the market.
The prices paid, the buyers thankit,
Tam had his siller snugly bankit,
To whilk his maister did advise him,
Lest fules to squaner't micht entice him.

We've seen that Tammie, when a bairn,
O' wut possess'd an extra quern ;
An' noo when geyley thro' his teens,
An' grumphie had supplied the means,
He brichten'd up his days o' dule
By gaun a winter to the school.
He learnt to read, to count, to write,
An' sune a letter could indite
That, on the word o' him that read it,
To ony clerk wad been a credit.

Tam's grumphie proved a fruitfu' vine,
An' her neist litter brocht him nine
As bonnie pigs as ever drew
The duglets o' a mither soo,
For whilk at market, in a trice,
Our *Thomas* gat the highest price.
Aye *Thomas* noo—*Tammie* nae mair ;
For, tho' ance duddie, mean, an' puir,
Has he no siller i' the bank ?
And istna siller gies the rank ?

He throve apace an' flourish'd famous,
An' what think ye o' *Maister Thomas* ?

He that short syne ran hirplin' duddie,
A bare-fit callan, has a cuddie,
A cart, an' eke a rattlin' bell
To funder him his stock to sell
When roarin' "*Coals, coals, coals*" like mad.
An' heth he drives a roarin' trade ;
For ilka body that ance tries him
Is blythe again to patronise him.

Anither towmont brocht a naig
As guid as ever stretched a leg ;
New cart an' harness, a' sae neat,
To see them was a perfect treat.
Muckle, they say, produces mair,
An' sune o' naigs he had a pair,
Wi' whilk, frae early morn till dark,
His Man an' him tug at the wark ;
For Tam—noo Thomas the contractor—
Like ither corks maun hae a factor.

Strauchtforward aye in a' his actions,
Wi' legal knaves he made nae pactions
Hoo best his creditors to swin'le
If ran agee his buisness trinle ;
But model for a' honest callans,
Tam's pound was aye worth twenty shillins.
Nor—need we say't?—wad he afflict
Wi' hungry wame, or reckless kick,
The beast that help't to fill his mou',
Be't cuddie, naig, or breedin' soo.

His buisness prospers ilka day,
And out the toun a denty way—
For sin' a bairn he aye has been
Delighted wi' a rural scene—
He's biggit stables for himsel',
Wi' house abune in whilk to dwell.
Sae noo, I reckon, he may claim,
That folks pit *Esquire* to his name;
Nor hae his privilege disalloo'd,
Tho' o' "*the swinish multitude*."

"Guid speed, an' further, to ye," Tammas,
Wi' hame-fed pork frae hairst to Lammas;
Still be yer naigs o' troubles free,
Smooth rin yer ilka axletree;
Yer hens, may they increase by dizens,
Nor murd'rous hauns e'er thraw their wizens.
Or meet ye waes, an' they are rife,
Mak' haste, young birkie, tak' a wife;
For, Poet's word on't, 'bune a' summin',
The sweet'ner o' life's waes is Woman.

Clusters of Joyous Memories.

FIRST—BOYHOOD.

AN ye dear memories olden,
On the wing incessant
'Tween the portals golden
Of the past and present;

Dear, as in days of summer
Is the floral blossom
To busy insect hummer,
Ye are to my bosom.

Soon as the day is waning
O'er the western billow,
And my head is straining
Its refreshing pillow,
Ye sing of days when stainless
Was my every pleasure,
And shall I not, though nameless,
Chant one tripping measure ?

O sunny days of childhood,
When I'd flee the city,
And deep into the wildwood,
Join the throstle's ditty;
O health-imparting rambles,
Cheeks as red as cherries,
Feasting 'mid the brambles
On delicious berries.

Soon as the season vernal
Chases winter's shadow,
I rush with glee supernal
To the daisied meadow;
Now gather I the pansy,
Daisy, rose, and lily,
Or sport with my young fancy,
Wild she as a filly.

To shun the hot noon's gleaming,
Haste I to the dingle,
And there, while 'mid my dreaming
Sorrow dare not mingle,
Take my journeys airy,
Climb the craggy mountain,
Seek the haunt of fairy
By the sylvan fountain.

I hear the bluebells chiming
From their leafy covers,
And minstrels sweetly rhyming
To the feathery mothers;
And, rous'd from wintry slumbers,
Laughing brooks are glancing,
While to their jocund numbers
Water-nymphs are dancing.

I hear, from 'mid the flowers,
Happy sprites are singing,
From amaranthine bowers
Laughter peals are ringing,
While gladsome maidens listen
To their wooers telling
Of sheeny hopes that glisten
Round their future dwelling.

I hear, far up the hillside,
Snowy lambkins bleating,
While down the merry rills glide
Joyous at their meeting.

Now, ready for the quarrel,
Chanticleer is crowing,
And to blithe Jenny's carol
Milky kine are lowing.

From out the azure welkin
Moon and stars are peeping,
While moths, on winglets silken,
To their cells are sweeping;
Now weary groups of children
To their homes are hieing,
As shadows long and 'wildering
Tell that day is dying.

Thus I, in boyhood's season,
Sat in Nature's palace,
And drank of joys Elysian
From her golden chalice.
Ay, e'en tho' mother told me
Not from home to wander,
Full oft she had to scold me,
So loved I Nature's grandeur.

O days! when all was beaming
With a rainbow glory,
When every sound was teeming
With its earnest story,
How love I to recall ye
With a mingled gladness,
Since present scenes empall ye
With a mournful sadness.

Thus, ye lov'd memories olden,
On the wing incessant
'Tween the portals golden
Of the past and present;
Dear, as in days of summer
Is the floral blossom
To busy insect hummer,
Ye are to this bosom.

SECOND—YOUTH.

O days, when girt with gladness,
Joy full-orbed was shining,
And each cloud of sadness
Wore its "silver lining;"
Fond as miser's fingers
Count his yellow treasure,
Memory o'er you lingers
With undying pleasure.

Time, as he still advances,
Cannot far outrun ye,
Distance but enhances
Thoughts that never shun ye;
Till in life's shady hollow,
'Mid its cares incessant,
My past hath pleasures mellow
To enrich my present.

Then life was never weary
Of its lightsome duties,
No path so lone and dreary
But it had its beauties ;
Ay, beauties that imparted
New desires to cherish,—
Thoughts by Fancy started
Nevermore to perish.

Then care could never wrinkle
Sunny brow with furrows,
Nor dim the merry twinkle
Of the eye with sorrows ;
Tears were the revealings
Of one heart prevailing,
With gush of tender feelings,
For another's ailing.

Ambition then could never
Aught of strife engender,
While death alone could sever
Friendship's ties so tender ;
Hearty were the weepings
For the dear departed,
And sincere the greetings
Of the open-hearted.

What groups of earnest faces
Round me still are flitting,
Grave as they filled their places
In the class-room sitting ;

As strove they who should gather
Learning's choicest flowers,
To grace, mayhap, from thither,
Academic bowers.

What peals of joyous laughter
Make my ears to tingle,
Clear as the voice of water
Dancing o'er the shingle;
What buoyant running, leaping,
Nought of fear betraying,
Swift as the wild deer sweeping,
Blythe as lambkins playing.

O heart, in thee what rapture
Holidays have risen,
When, glad as bird of capture
'Scapes its wiry prison,
I from the city bounded
To my rural pleasure,
And by yon hamlet found it
In a joyous measure.

Dear thatch-crowned "*Myramailen*,"
Tho' now the stranger's dwelling,
How hath this bosom swollen
With pleasure past the telling,
When, as the week was dying,
I and dear brother Willie
To thee went joyous flying,
Tho' rough the way and hilly.

Or in the season vernal,
Or 'mid summer's blooming,
Or when chill mists hybernal
In the north were looming,
Thy water, wood, and meadow,
Wild and cultered Flora,
Ne'er pained us with the shadow
Of repining sorrow.

Thy springs were aye the greenest,
Fairest thy summer blossom,
Thy winters were the keenest;
And on thy streamlet's bosom
Such ice was seen, O never,
So smooth and strong for sliding,
Tho' but a puny river
Lone in its bosky hiding.

But ah, thou homestead lowly,
Other gifts excelling,
The friendships, pure and holy,
Of that peaceful dwelling,
They shed a tender halo
Round all present sorrow,
And wake glad mem'ries mellow
Of youth's sunny morrow.

Thus days when girt with gladness,
Joy full-orbed was shining,
And each cloud of sadness
Wore its "silver lining;"

Fond as miser's fingers
Count his yellow treasure,
Memory o'er you lingers
With undying pleasure.

THIRD—THE DAWN OF MANHOOD.

Blest dawn of manhood's morning,
Still with glad promise beaming,
Youth's joyous brow adorning
With mellow radiance streaming;
What head so bent and hoary,
'Mid age's bleak December,
But of thy summer glory
Rejoices to remember?

The *compass* may miscarry
When o'er ocean driven,
And lose its beacon starry
In the northern heaven;
But youth is ever gazing
To descry thy coming,
Though chilly blasts are raising
Round him ills benumbing.

Fair virgin Hope, thou crownest
With wreathes of snowy flowers,
And though at times thou frownest
Till her bright prospect lowers,

Anon thy fondling fingers
Stroke her golden tresses,
Nor long the maiden lingers
To weep, but forward presses

With still increasing ardour,
To future trophies looming,
Nor fail'st thou to reward her
With garlands fresh and blooming;
While as each conquest blest her
She'd trip a lively measure,
With thee and her twin sister,
Gay, nimble-footed Pleasure.

Born of Desire, fair beauties,
Couldst thou their ardour smother,
Who strove to do their duties
To an aspiring mother?
Not thou, 'tis mirrored clearly
In mem'ry's limpid waters,
That thou didst cherish dearly
The dame's twin lovely daughters.

Now thou to archer Cupid
A mark wast for his arrows,
And look'dst so wondrous stupid
'Tween true-love joys and sorrows;
How didst thou fume and vapour,
And wish the rogue a halter,
Till cheer'd by the bright taper
Of parson Hymen's altar.

Ay, ay, whate'er the poet
Of lovers' "billing, cooing"
May sing, right well I know it,
There's trouble, too, in wooing :
There's heartaches and heart-breakings,
Saucy red-lip poutings ;
There's tears and sad leave-takings,
Jealousies and doubtings.

But wife, since wedlock made thee
Of self the faithful double,
Thou nobly hast repaid me
For all the wooer's trouble.
Thy Celtic blood was warmer
Than mine when we were matching,
But ah ! my fawn-like charmer,
Well worthy thou the catching.

When musing by the ingle,
O'er the dying embers,
With joy this heart doth tingle
In its secret chambers,
As in blithe mem'ries hurry,
All due order scorning,
Each with its thrilling story
Of young manhood's morning.

Care, 'fore their siren voices,
Unknits his every wrinkle,
And with his friend rejoices
Till his old grey eyes twinkle.

E'en Poverty jocosely
Takes Sorrow by the kirtle,
And soon o'er shades profusely
The cypress with the myrtle.

Gruff Labour, prone to quarrel
With Dame Fortune, listens;
And while, at each fresh carol,
Joy his swarth face glistens,
Let but the dame come smiling
He'll to his bosom strain her,
And for all past beguiling
He cannot now arraign her.

See, on his staff though shaking,
How old age rejoices,
As slumbering thoughts are waking
To these merry voices.
How flush'd, though bald, his brow is
With joy his heart how swelling!
While of his youthful prowess
He garrulous is telling.

Thus, dawn of manhood's morning,
Still with glad promise beaming,
Youth's joyous brow adorning
With mellow radiance streaming;
What head so bent and hoary,
'Mid age's bleak December,
But of thy summer glory
Rejoices to remember?

Bairnie Nell.

Was e'er a dotin' mither's heart
Sae fu' o' joy as mine?
Was e'er a cup sae reamin' owre
Wi' bliss a'maist divine—
Sic bliss, guidman, as downa bide
Lang out o' heaven to dwell?
Sae i' my heart o' hearts I'd hide
Our treasure—bairnie Nell.

Ye mind the time wee Jeanie dee't,
An' ye tae had a dwaum :
Our neebour wives declar'd me bless'd,
I seem'd sae unco calm,
But, ah! they little, little kent,
Hoo this heart did rebel;
An' yet kind heav'n has to me sent
My darlin' bairnie Nell.

Nae dout our lo'esome lassie twins
Need yet my watchfu' care;
An' brawer twins ne'er sunn'd the hearth
O' ony sinfu' pair.
But noo the dears can geylies fen'
'Mang neebour weans to mell,
And I my foremost pains maun spen'
On helpless bairnie Nell.

Were e'er sic buffie arms an' hauns
Till noo on ony pet ?
An' twa sic legs ! O but they'll rin
Her mammie's errands yet.
An' then her mou', her nose, her e'en !
Guidman, judge for yersel' :
Was ever daddie's picture seen,
As yours in bairnie Nell ?

She's juist an armfu' o' content,
Sae quate and byous douce ;
I'm never at a loss to speed
My turns about the house.
She'll nestle in her cot for hours,
Coo, cooin' till hersel',—
O, she's her mammie's flower o' flowers,
My smilin' bairnie Nell.

O' speech, her gifties are but sma'—
“ Mam, mam,” or little mair ;
An' yet we've mony a pleasant crack,
When I hae time to spare.
Eager as frae the bizin' toun
The hermit seeks his cell,
Care flees to thee wi' ilka woun',
My ain dear bairnie Nell.

Eh, she's my lily o' the vale,
My gowan on the green ;
My snaw-drap an' my violet,
Wi' bricht joy-sparklin' e'en.

Sweeter than clover to the bee,
Or heather when in bell,
Are thy twa hinney lips to me,
My rose-bud—bairnie Nell.

Her broo is like the driven snaw,
Her cheek is like the rose,
Or King Benlomond's ruddy croon,
When day's gane to repose.
Clear as the bonnie leddy mune,
An' wi' her dreamy spell,
Thou shin'st thy mammie's heart within,
My fairy—bairnie Nell.

Mair pleasant than the sight o' gowd
Is to the miser's e'e,
Or glint o' spring to famished bird,
Art thou, dear bairn, to me.
Blythe as the thirsty traveller hears
The voice o' wimplin' well,
Thou pay'st me for a' bygane tears,
My joy-spring—bairnie Nell.

Hope croons thee wi' her promise leaves—
O may they never fade !
But aye the greener, thicker grow
Ilk year about thy head.
May fate wi' hope ne'er thrawart prove,
Nor death's untimely knell
Deprive thee o' thy parents' love,
Our heaven-sent bairnie Nell.

Spare, spare her Thou wha, undeserved,
Sic bliss to us hast given,
And aid our weakness to bring up
Our charge for Thee and heaven ;
For were grim Death to tak' the bairn
To his cauld hame to dwell,
O hoo our stricken hearts wad yearn
To be wi' bairnie Nell !

To the Guidwife

ON HER FORTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

Hoots, Peggy, ne'er look dowff nor dorty,
What though this day thou'rt five an' forty?
At heart thou'rt yet as hale an' canty
As ony queen o' ane an' twenty;
Sae dinna fret, but juist mak' fun o't,
When o' thy age I mak' a sonnet,
An' tell the warl that thou hast trod
Thus far alang life's stoorie road
Scot free o' mony taints o' shame
That aft hae marr't a virtuous fame,
Ere yet the owner o't had gane
Near haun the forty-fifth mile-stane.

Thou wee fat pudgler o' a body,
What though thy cheeks are no sae ruddy,

Nor thy black locks sae thick an' bonnie
As when thou buckl't wi' thy Johnnie,
An' voo't to be to him through life—
What thou hast prov't—a kind guidwife,
A thrifty help frae morn till e'en,
A lovin' heart an' faithfu' frien' ?
What though thy waist (hech, sic a wapper
'Stens like a drum thy gaucy rapper)
Looks no sae genty in thy claes
As it did i' thy younger days,
When thou ilk washin' day wast seen
Rin skelpin' barefit owre the green,
A clever gilpey o' saxteen ?
Na, what although yon fell mischanter
Cut short thy young life's joyous canter ?
Till thou, then supple as a filly,
Maun hirple noo upon a stilie,
Till thou at life's still nearin' close
Enjoyest thy weel-earned repose ;
Though may I answer Nature's ca'
Ere thou, dear Peggy, slip'st awa'.

But wherefore talk o' thy decay ?
Thy five an' fortieth natal day
Sees thee as bircy, fresh, an' yaul,
To answer duty's ilka call,
As ony BELLE in a' the toun
Beginnin' juist to glowre aroun'
Wi' greedy e'e, in hopes to scan
Whaur she may licht on a bit man.
Puir thochtless thing ! I muckle fear

She little kens what tear an' wear
The state o' married life demands,
Ance fairly tackl't in its bands.
Na, Peggy, for life's earnest wark,
I wadna gie thee i' thy sark,
No, for the youngest, bravest queen
That e'er cuist glamour owre the e'en
O' youthfu' chiel, or CELEBS auld ;
An' wha, ance in her toils enthrall'd,
May lack sic rare felicity
As I, dear heart, enjoy wi' thee.
Nae doot, like ither marri't folk,
We hae at times our " bubbly Jock "
(Thanks to my het, unruly choler)
To deave us wi' his bluitterin' guller,
An' droon the cadence for a wee
O' our domestic harmony ;
But as the clouds on simmer days
Flee 'fore the sun's careerin' rays,
Sae quickly clears our troubl't lift,
While kisses croon our ilka tift.

But come,—get thy new bonnet on,
Eke thy new plaid : we'se to the lone—
A birthday comes but ance a year,
Sae out o' doors we'll somewhaur steer,
An', wi' thy arm cleek't into mine,
The while I curb my pace to thine,
Gif ony daur but to assail
My spouse, an' ca' her auld an' frail,
Forbye their loss o' my regard,

I voo, by seer Mahomet's beard,
 To licht the torch o' Doric fable,
 An', blin's I am, flee to the stable—
 Lowse PEGASUS an' seize the bridle—
 Loup wi' a bang into the saddle :
 Syne, through an' through the dastard clan
 I'd ride them down, nor spare a man,
 Dreadless o' Bellerophon's fate,
 Wha, set to war Jove's royal state,
 Ae day gaed canterin' like stoor
 Up to his verra palace door ;
 But Jove in wrath, clean like to worry,
 Flew at the upstart in a fury,
 Unhors'd and sent him birlin' doun
 (Whether to licht on's feet or croon
 I canna say) aff his domains,
 To wauner drear Aleian plains,
 Condemn'd in helpless solitude
 To chew ambition's bitter cud
 Till ferried o'er the Stygian sea,
 By Charon to his destiny—
 Or, in plain prose, till he would dee.

But, no to busk a modern rhyme
 Wi' a' the flowers o' aulden time,
 (Whilk critics judge to be a crime),
 I ken fu' weel, thou best o' women,
 What warns thee noo o' frailty comin'
 Mair than the twa score years an' five
 That roun' thy broo industrious hive,
 Whaur, 'mang thy locks, frae day to day

They weave their threads o' siller grey.
Three bairns, that thou to me hadst borne,
By death were frae thy bosom torn :
Ane when its e'en o' bonnie blue
For sax brief months had blest thy view ;
Twa when they nestled 'bout thy heart
As if they never mair wad part,
An' safely learnt, wi' muckle pride,
To toddle by their minnie's side.
Forbye that thou sin' then hast press'd
Twice owre the wife's procreant nest ;
An' twice *Lucina*, cruel maid,
Refused thee her propitious aid,
Nor i' thy verra sairest need
Wad to thy cries pay ony heed,
But grim Atropos sent instead,
Wha seized our bonnie callans twa
For greedy death's 'devourin' maw,
Till noo we see oursels forlorn,
Bereft o' a' but our first-born,
O' wham some sad monitions tell
She lacks the vigour o' thysel',
An' while I hope, I hae my fears
She'll never reach her mither's years.

Ay, Peggy, dear, I brawly ken,
'Tis this gars thee begin to ben'
'Neath toils wi' whilk thou *maun* engage,
An' no the burden o' auld age ;
'Tis this aft casts dark shadows noo
Owre thy ance joyous sunny broo ;

'Tis this plaits threads o' snawy flocks
'Mang thy ance clusterin' raven locks ;
This frae thy cheeks has reft the bloom ;
Thy tearfu' gaze turned on the tomb,
Till e'en, at times, thy bosom yearns
To share the slumber o' thy bairns.
Weel, Peggy, weel, 'twill soon be by,
This strife, wha kens, when thou an' I
May, aiblins, at thy fond request,
Wi' our ain bairnies soun'ly rest.
Meanwhile, let's bear 'lang duty's road,
Hoo rough soe'er our destined load,
Nor doot, till at dark Jordan's shore,
That He, wha's blest us heretofore,
Shall prove our never-failin' friend,
An' guard us till the journey's end ;
Syne, by his grace, our trials past,
Unite us a' in heaven at last.

Our Guidwife's frae Hame.

O THAT this dreary month were past,
It yields me nocht but pain ;
An age it seems sin' it began,
An' but ae week o't gane.
Time's surely met wi' some mishap,
I'm fley't he's gatten lame,

He creeps sae wearily alang

Sin' our guidwife's frae hame.

There's nae comfort i' the house,

Nae pleasure worth the name ;

E'en books hae tint their charms to please,

Sin' our guidwife's frae hame.

Nae doot our only dochter, Meg,

Noo up to woman grown,

Does a' she can, puir thing, to smooth

A fractious faither's frown ;

But whaur's the dochter, e'en the maist

Deservin' o' the name,

Could pleasure me an' keep me richt

Like her that's noo frae hame ?

There's nae thrift about the house,

But muckle cause for blame ;

Scarce ae weel-tim'd, weel-cookit meal,

Sin' our guidwife's frae hame.

I in my cheerless bed at e'en

Am cauld as cauld can be,

An' dawn in at the winnock keeks

Ere I hae clos'd an e'e ;

An' whan at length I wintle owre,

My dreams are wi' my dame,

But unrefresh'd I wauk to fin'

An awesome want at hame.

There's nae fragrant mornin' cup

To brace this thowless frame,

Nae merry, toil-defyin' lauch,

Sin' our guidwife's frae hame.

There's nane to mark wi' watchfu' e'e
If weel or ill I dress ;
To soothe me nane when business fails,
Or joy owre my success.
I come an' gang as fits mysel',
There's nane to praise or blame ;
Or wat, or dry, wha cares a snuff,
Sin' our guidwife's frae hame ?
There's nae cozie ingle cheek,
Nae glowin' love-het flame ;
Nae couthie smile rewards my toil,
Sin' our guidwife's frae hame.

Our biggin's dark an' dowie aye,
Nae licht nor sang to cheer't ;
In trowth, it's sae unlike itsel',
I carena to come near't.
E'en birdie Peat looks as he'd 'scaped
Some gled's fell murderous aim,
Sae sparrow-like he twitterin' cheeps,
Sin' our guidwife's frae hame.
There's nae sunshine in the house,
Nae music worth the name ;
An', och ! I ken things winna men'
While our guidwife's frae hame.

O Time ! gie owre thy sluggish pace,
Tak' three weeks at a spring,
An' safe upon thy buirdly back
My lo'esome dawtie bring ;

An' mark me weel, my bardship's lugs
As forfeit thou may'st claim,
An thou'lt hae e'er again to bear
My darlin' chuckie hame.
There's nae spunk about the house,
Nae love o' bardic fame,
But by my sowth there will be rowth
When our guidwife comes hame.

Thou orb o' day, whase licht e'en noo
To me sae hazy seems,
The morn o' our guidwife's return
Gild wi' thy brichtest beams ;
An' Peat, strike up thy blythest notes
Till quivers thy wee frame,
Sae sweet the lay 'twill keep for aye,
Thy mistress in her hame !
For O what pleasure's i' the house—
What pleasure worth the name ?
Nae steer, nae fiews, a thrawart muse,
When our guidwife's frae hame.

The Inebriate.

NEAR yon fair city, dear to me,
Just as the year had fled
To join a past eternity,
Lone 'mongst the silent dead,

Whose mansions Winter kind had graced
With saint-like whiteness o'er,
A youth in tatter'd garments paced
A nameless grave before.

His age seem'd barely twenty years,
And yet for one so young
O'er his pale brow had griefs and tears
Their sombre shadows flung.
And O how heaved his heavy heart !
His sunken cheek how pale !
Whilst, withering 'neath some inward smart,
He thus began his wail :—

“ O mother, dear,” he gasping said,
“ I've come to view the spot
Where thy belov'd remains are laid
In nature's final cot.
Six weary years have all but fled
Since thou went'st to thy rest ;
For six long years this heart hath bled
And languish'd for thy breast.

“ Then do I grudge thee thy release
From the bare fields of time,
To where pure joy and perfect peace
Are ever in their prime ?
And would I rob thee of the hire
Of all thy labours done ? .
One end alone prompts the desire :
I'd prove a wiser son.

“ ’Tis thus we thoughtless ones of earth
Abuse God’s favours shown,
And seldom pause to weigh their worth
Till heaven resumes its own ;—
E’en so, my mother, mem’ry clings
Around thy honour’d name,
The while it fell upbraiding brings
To blanch this cheek with shame.

“ To guide my steps through life’s young day,
How watchful was thine eye !
Yet ere I’d LEARN’D to go astray,
I cost thee many a sigh ;
And when in years and stature strong
Manhood had crown’d my brow,
I SEEM’D to waver to the wrong,
How prayerful waxed thou !

“ But how have I thy cares repaid ?
Thy mem’ry how revered ?
And thy injunctions how obey’d ?
Alas, I’ve madly veered—
Ay, madly veered, and ah ! how wide
From the old chart sublime,
Which thou desired’st should be my guide
To sail the sea of Time.

“ Oft, mother, did thy gentle voice
Plead with me to abstain,
Nor tamper with strong Drink’s device,
Nor rush upon my bane.

Forgot thy charge—thy voice unheard—
By far too wise to learn,
Nought could my mad career retard,
No ills would I discern.

“Thou told'st me in prophetic tone,
I'd pause yet to reflect
Upon thy words, when thou wert gone,
And rue my cold neglect :
Thy words live in the gnawing pains
Of this unhappy hour,
That sees me writhing in the chains
Of the Drink Demon's power.

“O'er MODERATION, ill-defin'd,
With fatal speed I flew,
And seldom paus'd to look behind
The by-past to review,
Till 'fore stern APPETITE I fell
A bleeding sacrifice,
Then felt what tongue nor pen may tell,
Nor the most learn'd surmise.

“Yet when at times I turn'd aside
From that hell-leading road,
How swell'd then thy maternal pride,
Whilst thy joy-cup o'erflow'd.
Frail joy, alas ! though fondly nursed,
Again I broke away,
Like pent-up waters when they burst
And spread around dismay.

“ O mother, when I enter'd first
This flower-strewn path to hell,
Methought that Pleasure's burning thirst
Had found a lasting well,—
Mirth, friends congenial to my taste,
Wit, dance, and jocund song,
Flew round me there in envious haste,
A fascinating throng.

“ But wherefore should I e'er obtain
Joy from a source so foul?
Why should e'en Folly hope to gain
Bliss in the drunkard's bowl?
When such as thou, my mother, wept,
Could I expect to smile,
Whose leprous soul still nearer crept
To what could but defile?

“ Where all the boon companions now,
Who shared those merry nights
When Pleasure, with a wanton's brow,
Wallowed 'mid base delights?
Woe's me, my mother, all are gone!
Bare as yon willow bough,
I by thy grave, an outcast lone,
Am wandering to and fro.

“ All gone!—of every stay bereft
On which this heart might lean,
Not e'en Hope's sickly lamp hath left
One ray to cheer the scene.

Disown'd, despis'd by kith and kin,
A Cain accurs'd of God,
O mother, 'side thee to creep in
Beneath that wintry sod !

“ And he whose lucre-grasping hand
Blithe to his shambles drew
Us silly sheep, and, wondrous bland,
His helpless victims slew :
He, though I sacrificed mine all
Upon his altar red,
Hath, to lean famine's bitter call,
But now denied me bread.

“ Well, be it so ! those friends were fools,
And he a master mind,
Who deftly plied his hellish tools
To ruin human kind ;—
But squand'ring heav'n-sent blessings here,
And wrecking hearts and homes,
O mother, how shall I appear
When ope yon awful tomes ?

“ Say, is there mercy to be found
In heav'n for such as I ?
Can I, though thus with anguish bound,
Through Christ have liberty ?
Is't so ?—then, mother, be my guard
From yon fell tempter's wiles,
Till by thy side, beneath this sward,
I'm safe from all his toils.

“ Be still, wild heart, methinks I hear
Her voice, in accents mild,
Whisper thus gently in mine ear :
‘ Seek higher aid my child.
O flee to Him who was my stay,
Who now is my reward ;
Take heart : thou’lt not be driv’n away,
Nor be condemn’d unheard.

“ ‘ Plead but the blood of Christ, my son,
I’ll answer for the plea ;
For, though thou’st much of evil done,
Christ died for such as thee.
And plead it now ere ’tis too late,
To-morrow is not thine—
’Tis folly to procrastinate,
And lose a prize divine.’

“ Ay, mother, folly ’tis indeed,
And I the fool of fools
Thy loving counsels not to heed,
Not to obey thy rules ;
And now, whilst yearning to regain
The path from which I’ve stray’d,
I ~~FEEL~~, would I the prize obtain,
I ~~MUST~~ have higher aid.

“ Then, mother, on thy snowy grave
I humbly bend the knee,
And ask ~~THY~~ God for strength to save
From future misery,—

No more a broken reed I'll trust
To help me on the road ;
No more beg pleasure from the dust,
But serve my mother's God."

* * * * *

I heard that wanderer's passion moan,
Sad as the storm-toss'd wave,
While he in prayer knelt upon
His mother's wintry grave ;
And, as he there entreated Him
Who never shuts his ears
On suppliant's wail, mine eyes grew dim
With sympathetic tears.

When long and earnestly he'd fought
In prayer upon the ground,
He rose, and, Jacob-like, methought,
With victory he was crown'd ;
RESOLVE, that God-like power in man,
Sworn or to do or die,
Gleam'd now athwart his forehead wan
And sparkled in his eye.

And now, as citywards he bied,
My pray'rs did with him go,
That he with strength might be supplied
To overcome his foe.
He came his misery to deplore,
And fiercely cursed his fate—
He went, I trust, to be no more
A poor Inebriate.

The Complaint.

MATCH me this scene on a' the earth :
Four black, bare wa's, a fireless hearth,
A wife deid drunk upon the flair,
An', cowerin' on an only chair,
A husband battlin' sair wi' Death
For ilka deep-drawn pantin' breath,
While, 'mid his desolation drear,
Thus wails he owre his ills severe :—

I'm sick, heart sick o' life, Mary,
An' yearn to win awa',
For O this ceaseless strife, Mary,
I canna thole ava ;
Frae morn to nicht, frae nicht to morn,
Some new mischance arrives,
Whilk i' my saul grief's cank'rous thorn
The firmer, deeper drives.

I've wrocht like ony slave, Mary,
To gie ilk ane their due :
To you 'bune a' the lave, Mary,
I've striven to be true ;
But frae this hell-brew'd, fiery drink
Ye winna yet abstain,
No, tho' ye've brocht me to the brink
O grim King Death's domain.

Ye've sham'd me frae my wark, Mary,
Aft'ner than tongue can tell ;
O' claes, e'en to the sark, Mary,
Ye've left me bare's yersel'.
When ye wad promise to reform,
I've pincht mysel' to cleed,
Wi' thrice-bocht claes, yer naked form,
Tho' 'twas a thankless deed.

Thrice owre ye've wreckt a house, Mary,
That I hae plenish'd weel :
Vain noo the hungry mouse, Mary,
Our girdel scarts for meal ;
The vera Bible that for lang
Was my auld faither's pride,
That sacred heirloom had to gang,
An' relics mae beside.

When siller ye had nane, Mary,
An' nocht was left to pawn,
The vera coals ye've ta'en, Mary,
An' fuddl't them aff haun ;
Wi' yon base scoonrel at the store
Ye leagued were me to cheat,
And aft he's gien ye drink galore,
An' marked it down for meat.

But as *ae* drap o' *dew*, Mary,
Is to the wally sea,
Or as *ae* pile o' *san'*, Mary,
Is to the mountain hie,

Sae is the havoc ye hae wrocht
Amang our worldly gear,
Compar'd wi' the sair fate ye brocht
To our twa infants dear.

Ay, *murdered* were the twa, Mary,
By you, an truth were said,
Tho' in the e'e o' *law*, Mary,
They were but "overlaid;"
I thoct *ae* sacrifice wid dae,
But warnin' ye'd tak' nane:
Deid drunk wi' them in arms ye lay,
An' smoor'd them ane by ane.

It cuts me to the saul, Mary,
Till reason maist I tine—
It gars my bluid rin caul, Mary,
That on Drink's Moloch shrine
Ye sacrificed yer lammie's twa,
And I no there to save,
To wham, while ye had breath to draw,
Ye fondly should hae clave.

Ye drank to droon yer grief, Mary,
Owre yer first victim slain,
An' what was the relief, Mary,
Ye gat to soothe yer pain?
The great high priest o' wickedness,
Strong Drink, his wiles still plies,
Till he secures frae foul excess
Anither sacrifice.

Still, tho' ye've waunert far, Mary,
Aff virtue's pleasant ways,
An' couldna weel be waur, Mary,
I mind on former days,
When ye were guileless, fair, an' true,
Till briny tear-draps fa',
To think hoo ye're to warsel through
When I am ta'en awa'.

Life's tide is ebbin' slow, Mary,
Owre slow, alake! wi' me,
The ne'er again to flow, Mary,
This side eternity;
And, thanks to God, the bitter blast,
O' whilk I'm noo the sport,
Drives my frail bark careerin' fast
Into a quiet port.

Yet while on life's rough stran', Mary,
Tho' helpless, I sall hope
That God's all-powerfu' han', Mary,
Yer downward coorse may stop,—
Ay, e'en life's hinmost gasp I'll spen',
In this maist wretched room,
In prayer that God frae ye forfen'
The drunkard's fearfu' doom.

A Scot's Welcome to Winter.

WINTER, auld birkie o' the frosty pow
An' lyart locks, welcome ance mair to thee !
Nor shalt thou lack sic welcome as is due
To an auld frien', whase lealty has outstood
The searchin' tests o' snell adversity ;
An' yet amang whase thousand lo'esome ways
There aiblins creeps an antrin', freakish turn
Peculiar to himsel', that micht be spared,
But whilk, for his dear sake, is blythely borne.
Yet 'twinna be in ticht-laced Southern phrase
That I, a Scot wha ne'er was yont the Tweed,
Sall bid thee welcome to my biel again,
But in auld Scotland's gashy, lallan tongue,
Ance dear to a' her bairns in whate'er clime
Dame Fortune had them placed, an' doubly dear
When heard in distant lan's 'mang fremmit folks ;
Tho' noo, alake ! ungratefu' bairns there are
That slicht their couthie Mither's hamely ways,
Her kail, her parritch, an' her "hodden gray,"
Nor wi' her speech wad fyle their genty gabs.

Then welcome, Winter, headstrong tho' thou art,
In temper fickle as a dawtit bairn ;
An' tho' some ills I've frae thy tantrums tholed,
In "lallans braid" I greet thee as a frien'.
Stern cradle-rocker o' the infant year,
An' sexton grim o' a' its auld forbears,
Stored by thee in oblivion's silent vaults,

An' destin'd yet to lay it i' the mools
When it has liv'd an' reign'd its towmont's span ;
Thou'st dootless brocht frae thy far norlan' realms
A rowth o' choicest favours for us a'—
Snaw, for the bairns to warsel 'mang, an' hail,
Roun', rattlin' hail, to set them daft wi' joy ;
An', to allay their daddie's craiken cries,
Miles upon miles o' strong up-bearin' ice,
'Lang whilk to skytch, or whusk the whirlin' stane,
Till thou art deav'd wi' the auld fules' huzzas ;
While, for the general guid, thou dootless hast
A walth laid up in showers o' sluistry sleet,
An' fresh arrays o' lang win't rowtin' blasts,
A' to be dealt aboot at thy command,
And in proportion as thy wisdom sees
Best fitted to secure thy different ends :
For thou art wise, auld carle, an' never yet,
E'en on thy langest visit, hast been kent
To deal thy favours wi' a reckless haun,
Tho' we, the favour'd objects o' thy care,
In dounricht ignorance hae aften deem'd
Anither week o' thee wad ruin'd a'.

Aft gleefully thou'st ca'd me forth, auld boy,
At early morn, when in thy blythest mood,
To view thy bonnie handy-wark a-fiel'.
Then, wi' my thrapple row't in muffler warm,
And on my back a dreadnocht o' a coat,
An' sonsy mitten on the haun that held
My faithfu' crummock, far I've stroll'd wi' thee,
Stroll'd far an' wide, or doun lowne kintra lanes,

Up hills, owre fells, whaur kindly thou hadst spread
Thy crispy carpet white to tempt me on ;
While, noo an' then, I met wi' rich reward
For a' my toils in sparklin' ferlies new.
Or 'mid yon plantin', whaur thou lov'st to stray,
An' to the frien'ly e'e art best beheld,
Upon an auld tree stump, inlaid wi' moss,
An' skinklin' wi' bricht pearlin' gifts o' thine,
I, happy as the monarch on his throne,
Hae sat an' watched thee at thy noiseless wark,
And own'd that 'mang the boastfu' sons o' men
Nae landscape trimmer e'er could halfins match
The tamest grandeur o' thy woodlan' scenes.
Thou prun'st the trees, an' seedlins o' a sorts
Thou sav'st for the return o' cantie Spring,
Wha'd mourn to tine the humblest o' her train ;
An' to replenish full her feathery choir
O' choicest warblers, thou a remnant spar'st.
Alike thou haud'st, in purifying bonds,
The rowin' river o' an acre's breadth,
The toddlin' burnie, an' the tumblin' linn ;
While, to repair their loss 'mid simmer's heat,
In cozie nooks thou hoardest up thy snaw,
Whilk kindly thaws deal out when thou retir'st.
Thou row'st auld Mither Earth in blankets warm
O' virgin hue, an' breath'st into her lungs
Fresh vigour frae thy searchin' cranreuch breath,
An' sune the carlin thou hast doctor'd up
To warsel wi' anither towmont's darg ;
Nor owns she aucht in a' her ample boun's
But what's indebted to thy watchfu' care,—

O' whilk mair knowledge I hae gat from thee
Than e'er I've learnt frae philosophic page.

Nor art thou tentless o' our fireside joys,
But o' the best o' fallows there thou'rt king,
An' wi' thy dinlin' hints thou hurriest hame
The merry young folks timeously at e'en ;
Whaur sits the auld guidman, in crackie trim,
Enlargin' on thy byous feats langsyne,
Doubtfu' if yaul thou'rt noo as thou wert then,
Or shar'st wi' him the frailties o' auld age.
Nor come thy visits scant o' rantin' times,
When cares an' daurglins to the wa' are thrown :
Thou'rt scarce amang us till blythe Hallowe'en,
O' whilk our rantin' Robin joyous sang,
Comes pantin' 'neath a load o' merry splores,
That used sae weel to please auld Scotland's bairns,
Tho' noo, they're sae transmogrified, I fear
Thou'lt hardly ken them for the ancient ploys ;
But, as they still a walth o' pleasure yield,
Whilk is thy aim, thou'rt dootless weel content.
Then that auld white-powed birkie Yule thou send'st,
Rustlin' wi' holly leaves an' berries red ;
An' wow ! but he's an unco cantie carle,
O' rare auld ballads fu', an' funny games,
And at the big house an' the peasant's cot
He wi' his glee gars roof an' rafters ring ;
Tho' 'twad appear thou'st charg'd him first to ope
The gowden doors o' charity sae wide,
That e'en craz'd Poortith, in excess o' joy,
Sall dance an' caper roun' a bleezin' fire,

A fu' meal girdel, an' warm clathin' new.
Nor hae our yuletide joys gat time to cool
Till, wi' a merry lauch, hap, stap, an' lowp,
Blythe Nairday comes wi' pleasures chiefly dear
To puir auld Scotland's horny-fisted bairns ;
But O, I muckle fear, at sic a time
They're unco ready to forget themsels,
An' deeply booze at that black font o' wae,
Cursed whusky, till a' healthy joys hae fled,
An' Reason, 'mazed, deserts her totterin' throne.
But they improve belyve, an' breaks the dawn
O' that bright morn, whase glowin' noon sall see
Scotland's teapat subvert her whusky stell.

Thus, Winter, hae I strung my lallan lyre,
An' wak'd its hamely notes in praise o' thee,
An' dootless thou hast never heard till noo,
In bardic measure, sic a kittle strain ;
An' yet I whiles, aneath a rustic shed,
What time thy thrall, Boreas, was abroad,
Hae heard thee dirl thy wild Æolian harp,
Noo sweet, noo harsh, as thy great passion mov'd,
An' still was charm'd wi' a' its stirrin' tones.
Sae I, like thee auld Harper, do but play
As rules the maister spirit o' my theme,
Or as I caper maun as Fancy pipes,
When humour gars the jaud her whustle blaw,
Thou winna damp thy bardie's harmless glee.

Ambition; or, The Holly Croon.

AULD Auchteen Saxty Fife, the carle,
'Mid blustry shower an' windy snarl,
Preparin' was to quat our warl,
 When at cock hail
I set me out to tak' a hurl
 Upon the rail.

Our toun's folks—some were thrang at wark,
Ithers still snor'd i' their nicht sark,
While, like mysel', some i' the dark
 Were on the steer,
In hopes to haine life's flickerin' spark
 For future wear.

An' sune the fire-devourin' naig,
That travel disna care a feg,
Sets firmly doun his iron leg,
 Gies ae loud nicher,
Syne to our goal wi' onward peg,
 Fast's he can bicker.

At rate o' twenty miles an' hour
Noo speed we, rattlin' on like stour;
Nor has the sun lang oped his door
 To free the dawn,
Till joyous I am rovin' o'er
 A classic lan'.

O sang-inspirin' land o' Burus,
Hoo aft to thee fond mem'ry turns,
Blythe to live o'er the brief sojourns
That bless me here,
What time forjeskit Labour spurns
His load o' care.

A' seasons are alike to me,
If only shar'd 'tween sang an' thee ;
Here Nature's ever fair to see,
Howe'er attired,
An' naething meets the Poet's e'e
But what's admired.

Verdant thy hills, or snawy clad ;
Tunefu' thy groves, or sangless sad ;
Frozen thy brooks, or wimplin' glad
In Simmer's prime,—
A' moves me sae, I'd sune gae mad
Were't no for rhyme.

Alike to me if flow'rets smile
On meads an' braes o' Ballochmyle,
Or, for a blink, snell blasts despoil
The prospect fair,
Till thou amaist wi' wrath dost boil,
"Auld hermit Ayr."

Let Autumn o'er her sheaves rejoice,
Or spates lift up their angry voice,
Till down thy steep, wi' brattlin' noise,
Dear Ochiltree,

The "broom-well" rushes—nocht destroys
My bardic glee.

An' what the charm, or whaur it dwells,
That here my saul wi' rapture swells?
Is it that thy mild clime excels
A' neebor shires?
Or that thy lords an' titled belles
Boast noble sires?

Na, na; thy clime it canna claim
To hae wed thee to deathless fame;
Thy gentles muckle are the same
As ither wheres,
Nor thus could wile me frae my hame
An' its affairs.

Ah Burns! thou king o' Scottish sang,
'Tis to thee a' the spells belang
That gie this shire a place amang
The lands o' Fame.
Leeze me on thee, then a' may gang
To wrack at hame.

The westlan' win' thou loved'st sae weel,
What tho' at times it gars me reel?
I'd warsle wi' the vera Deil,
Did I but ken
Whaur I could borrow, beg, or steal
Thy wizard pen.

That pen gied Labour sic a heeze
As raised him aff his crouchin' knees,
Till noo the proud auld birkie sees,
 Weel pleased the while,
Fairplay frae niggard Interest squeeze
 The richts o' toil.

Thy Muse, delighting to explore,
Wi' prophet ken, the Future's store,
Saw comin' for the sufferin' poor
 Their jubilee,
"When man to man, the world o'er,
 Should brithers be."

Thou'dst muckle joy an' little fash
Mim-mou'd Hypocrisy to lash;
Oppression mony an ugsome gash
 Gat frae thy steel;
An' still the purse-proud feckless hash
 Thou'dst louner weel.

When Cupid's wiles had thee entangled,
An' holy zealots wi' thee cangled
'Bout sacred things, an' swore thou'dst mangl'd
 Religion fair,
As scarecrows, Tintock high, thou dangled
 Ilk bigot pair.

Thy Muse ne'er o' her charms despoiled
"Religion pure and undefiled."

The twa micht brawly hae been styled
 Twin sisters leal,
 For sair and eidently they toiled
 For human weal.

Or did the Bard's warm pulses play,
 His Muse drive "Pleasure's devious way,"
 Remorse sune seized him for his prey,
 An' held him fast,
 Till fair Repentance cam' to pay
 For follies past.

Here, Burns, are scenes on ilka haun,
 Whause fame wi' Time himsel' sall staun;
 Thy Muse, to mony a foreign lan',
 Some names has sent,
 That but for her owre their ain straun
 Had ne'er been kent.

What didst thou for the bard, Glencairn,
 Thy immortality to earn?
 Fame wad, I fear, be sair forfairn
 To ring thy chimes,
 Had fate reserved thee for our stern
 Ungratefu' times.

O minstrel, were thy Muse but mine,
 Hoo I wad gar the Kelvin shine,
 An' lash the scounrels that confine
 An' blicht its charms,

Till blythely they'd the stream resign
To Clutha's arms.

The Ayr, the Lugar, Irvine, Doon,
'Neath simmer's smile or winter's frown,
Or flowin' clear, or tumblin' broun,
In wild career,—
Thy numbers hand them aye in tune,
To poet's ear.

Kirk Alloway's a sacred fane,
Wi' sermons in its ilka stane;
Droll winnock yon, whaur, nicht an' main,
"Nick" blew his chanter—
An' see! out bangs his yellin' train
On Tam o' Shanter.

While earth on her auld axle wheels,
The clatter o' "meer Maggie's" heels
Sall aye be heard, and eldricht squeels
Time's ear assail,
As "Nannie" by the rumple peels
Maggie's grey tail.

The lowly cot, yet to the fore,
Whaur thee thy favoured mither bore,
Has still mair gowden beams o' glore
Around it shed,
Than e'er was kent to hover o'er
A royal bed.

Despite the darkness o' the tomb,
 Thy Mary's charms sall ever bloom ;
 Round Armour's name a sweet perfume
 Sall linger aye,
 Howe'er "The Unco Guid" presume
 To say it nay.

Cauld, Burns, maun be the human breast,
 That ne'er has sympathy expressed
 For thy puir "mousie," storm distressed,—
 Aye, cauld as airn,
 An' yet may mourn a ruined nest,
 In anguish stern.

Thy noble "Cottar" thro' a' time
 Sall preach to man in ilka clime
 That honest poortith is nae crime,
 An' humble worth
 May rise to altitudes sublime,
 Tho' low on earth.

Yon "modest, crimson tippet gowan,"
 Wham thy pleughshare laid prone in ruin—
 Whaur is the tender heart an' true ane
 Forgets the Bard,
 As owre the "bonnie gem's" undoin'
 His wail is heard?

An' was there ever sic a pair
 O' dowgs as yon, whause pawkie lear,

Gat frae experience, laid bare
The great folks' failins,
An' showed hoo aft they didna spare
Their cottar's mailens?

"The auld clay biggin'" ne'er sall fa',
In whilk thy gleg e'en wondering saw
Yon "ticht outlandish hizzie" braw
Bring thy reward,
An' croon thee king o' minstrels a',
Fair Coila's bard.

Aft am I at thy grand levee,
Great king o' rural poesy;
Nor am ashamed to bow the knee
In homage leal,
For sure sic acts o' fealty
Become me weel.

An humble follower in thy train,
I've lilted mony a Doric strain;
And ance I wooed my Muse richt fain
For this sma' boon—
That wi' ae holly twig she'd deign
My broo to croon.

But na, the proud immortal fair
Was deaf's a pillar to my prayer:
Sae doun I rushed i' my despair
To yonder dell,*

* On the north bank of the Lugar, near Ochiltree, and within the pleasure grounds of Auchinleck House.

An' 'mang a rowth o' hollies there
I ser'd mysel'.

This did I that some couthie maid
O' mortal mould micht shame the jade,
An' twine for this aspirin' head
My laurels green ;
An' thocht 'twad muckle strife hae bred
Braw lasses 'tween.

But och ! the human sisterhood
Were eke in a maist callous mood,
An' fleesome scant o' gratitude
To rhyming brithers ;
For there for weeks my holly's stood,
Till noo it withers.

Yet no ae plain or gaudy queen
Lets on the thing she's ever seen,
Tho' sure sma' labour 'twad hae gien
To weave my ban',
Sin' I had sic materials green
Brocht to her han'.

E'en my ain flesh an' bluid declares
That nane but gowks heed sic affairs :
"Man," cries she, "Robin's shade aye wears
A braid blue bonnet ;
Sae quat thae mad ambitious airs,
An' burn thy sonnet."

“Burn!” roars I, “till things tak’ a turn,
Nocht o’ me but my wrath sall burn;
For mind thee, lass, tho’ fules noo spurn
 My darlin’ lays,
Some SAVANS yet may busk my urn
 Wi’ walth o’ bays.”

For can I e’er forget, great bard,
Hoo lang thy fellows used thee hard:
A gangership a’ the reward
 Thy worth nicht carry;
But, vile ingrates, could ye retard
 His centenary?

Then warld owre his praises ring,
The gaberlunzie an’ the king
Join hauns, as by their castes they fling
 To dae him honour;
Sae, heth, whate’er my muse may bring,
 I’se wait upon her.

Meanwhile, despite our cruel times,
That murder bards ’mang ither crimes,
The genius o’ my earnest rhymes
 To Ayrshire turns,
Whaur Fame rung out thy natal chimes,
 King Robert Burns.

To my Friend, A. M'L.,

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

SAD, sad were the tidings that met my return
Frae yon Scottish village, whaur still I sojourn
When Poortith, the carlin, alloos me the boon
O clear kintra air for the smeeek o' the toun.
News sadder, dear Archie, I couldna weel hear
Outside the sma' circle o' them I haud dear;
An' while to partake o' thy sorrow I'm fain,
I daurna yet mak' thy affliction my ain.

O God! had thy trouble, dear Archie, been mine,
(Excuse human frailty ae self-burdened line,)
“Release me! release me!” had been my soul's cry,
And, seizin' Death's skirts, I had languished to die.
Life's rosiest joys then to me had been dead,
But sune they may grace thy noo sorrow-bound head:
A wreck I'd hae drifted o'er life's stormy wave,
Whilst thou art a bark fit the tempest to brave.

The wife o' ae towmont—young, couthie, an' kind,
Whase sunny face beams wi' the licht o' her mind;
The smile on whase broo gloomy Care has to own,
He canna eclipse wi' the shade o' a frown.
Hoo hard, then, wi' sic is the trial-to part—
Sair trial that strikes through the core o' the heart;
An' sic a dear wife thou, Archie, didst claim—
Thy tenure as brief o' the licht o' thy hame.

And saddest o' a' when, to add to life's charms,
That wife, noo a mither, presents to thy arms
A cherub love-token; yet scarcely doth lay
Her lips to her babe's till she passes away.
She far frae the joys o' her bairnie's been taen,
An' left thee the pleasure—hers here was the pain;
Yet Archie, despite what our creeds hae us given,
What an a' sic mithers are surest o' heaven?

Ah me! wi' what joy sped the needles an' shears,
'Lang ilka wee garment that bairnie noo wears;
Hoo buoyant the hope, an' hoo strong the desire
To cherish for thee the connubial fire:
An' dootless, hoo aft she thocht anxious an' lang
Upon the rough path that she couldna but gang
Ere at her desire, an' hoo often she prayed,
When courage sank low, to her Maker for aid.

Hoo true the auld saying, We mortals propose
Our heart-cherished plans, but 'tis God can dispose;
Yet, Babels to rear up, 'twad seem that we must,
Though certain to see them laid low in the dust.
And, Archie, when showerin' thy cheek-scaldin' tears
O'er the grave o' thy dead, say an twa score o' years
Had been granted ye here wi' ilk ither to spen'—
Think'st thou, wad the partin' been easier then?

Ah no!—as the ivy the closer aye clings
To the tree or the wa' the langer it hings,
Sae fond loving hearts knit the closer the more
The cranreuch o' age has be-silvered them o'er;

An' though yon green saplin', sae slender in form,
Lacks the pith o' the aik to warsel the storm,
Yet when the aik fa's, an' fa'n hast ere noo,
The deeper the wound to the yird whaur it grew.

Sae brace thy nerves, Archie, aye steeve as the airn
Thou labour'st amang; for thy mitherless bairn,
An spared, will yet cheer thee wi' prattles an' wiles,
Till thou hast forgot a' thy sorrows an' toils.
Wha kens but his minnie is watchin' thee noo,
Frae yonder bricht star i' the welkin sae blue?
O then, let her love-gift thy anguish allay,
Nor langer look dowie, doun-hearted, an' wae.

And thou that art charged wi' the bairnie to nurse,
Be true to thy charge, or beware o' the curse
That Heaven awards them wi' rigour sae stern
Wha daur in ocht wrang the wee mitherless bairn—
But why should I doot thee?—thou'lt cherish the wean
Till ance the bit mannie can toddle his lane;
Syne past a' the dangers an' trials o' youth,
Thou'lt guide thy dear charge wi' the zeal o' a Ruth.

Noo fare thee weel, Archie; may Providence still
Thy store an' thy basket abundantly fill,
An' spare for thy comfort thy bairn till he sees
"Thy youth's labours crowned wi' an auld age o' ease."
I wish na thy callan wi' great folks to rank:
A croon in his pouch and a note at the bank,
The heart o' his daddie, stout, couthie, an' leal,
An' rowth o' strong muscle—he'll dae unca weel.

JANUARY 7, 1865.

To Maggie.

COMPANION on life's devious way,
My cheerful, never-failing stay,
Why lookest thou so sad to-day,
My Maggie ?

Hath aught beyond thy daily care
Given thee an extra load to bear ?
If so, let me thy burden share,
My Maggie.

Nay, strive not, dearest, to restrain
Those drops of heart-reviving rain ;
I'd share and, haply, soothe thy pain,
My Maggie.

My heaven-bestowed, joy-bearing vine,
No longer thus in secret pine ;
Come, let me make thy troubles mine,
My Maggie.

Thou say'st I well might guess thy woe,
And murmur'st, "seventeen years ago :"
Wee Johnnie's birth-day ; is it so,
My Maggie ?

With so much treasure in the dust,
Can Memory e'er forsake her trust ?
Nay, nay, to think so were unjust,
My Maggie.

She lingers oft, with streaming eyes,
Round the dear spot where Johnnie lies,
And would but spare thy plaintive cries,
My Maggie.

And if our boy had with us stayed,
Would Spring this day upon his head
A seventeenth wreath of flowers have laid,
My Maggie?

The years so quickly come and go,
I scarcely can believe 'tis so,
So calm of late hath been their flow,
My Maggie.

And yet, when first we did embark
Upon life's sea, in wedlock's ark,
Broke o'er us many storm-clouds dark,
My Maggie.

The tempest king on life's rough sea,
Fell Death! drove us so far to lee,
That oft we feared we wrecked should be,
My Maggie.

But faith in God, that anchor sure,
Though sorely strained, held us secure,
And nerved us bravely to endure,
My Maggie.

Till now before the cheerful gale
Of sweet domestic peace we sail,
Prepared yon quiet port to hail,
My Maggie.

But ah ! on such a day as this
We from our hearth much treasure miss,
That else had filled our cup of bliss,
My Maggie.

Young Love, in his sunshiny hour,
Enraptured saw a beauteous flower
Spring up within our vernal bower,
My Maggie.

Scarce had it graced the parent stem,
Ere Hope had crowned the peerless gem
With fond desire's bright diadem,
My Maggie.

Ah, dearest ! how our little room,
Was scented with the sweet perfume
Breathed by our flow'ret's early bloom,
My Maggie.

And ah, with what admiring eyes
We viewed our plant of paradise
Each day to fuller beauties rise,
My Maggie.

Four fleeting years had come and gone,
And still the treasure was our own,
While by it two more buds had blown,
My Maggie.

But ere the earth had round the sun
The half of her fifth circle spun,
Death's blighting mission had been done,
My Maggie.

With but our sickly eldest born
Spared, haply, o'er us yet to mourn,
We of love's golden fruit were shorn,
My Maggie.

And ah ! what pangs of anguish tear
This breast, to think I was not there
To succour thee when stript so bare,
My Maggie.

INTEMPERANCE lured me from the shore,
And 'mid its waves nigh whelmed me o'er—
Those seething waves that hell-ward roar,
My Maggie.

Nay, spare me not, kind as thou art ;
'Tis right that I should feel the smart
Of wounding so thy tender heart,
My Maggie.

Well, well, as oft thou'st meekly said,
"E'en let the dead past bury its dead,"
So raise again thy drooping head,
My Maggie.

And weep no more ;—SIN's foetid breath
Had wrought our flowers, mayhap, much scaith,
If not so early culled by death,
My Maggie.

Long hadst thou strange foreboding fears,
That they were framed for milder spheres
Than earth's bleak scene of griefs and tears,
My Maggie.

God gave, and at his high command
Came death, with rough yet friendly hand,
And bore them to the better land,

My Maggie.

Then let us to the fiat bow,—
We might have planned, but ne'er could know
How they would thrive with us below,

My Maggie.

No longer thus their fate deplore—
“They are not lost but gone before,”
And nought of ill can blight them more,

My Maggie.

Still hand in hand let's heavenward press—
The date and distance hourly less,
When we our babes may repossess,

My Maggie.

MARCH 14, 1866.

Sunny Blinks from the Tomb.

A MOTHER, with a mother's care,
Had put her babe to bed,—
Had heard each pray the Saviour's prayer,
And each “Good-night” had said ;

Then with a heart-approving zest,
Which mothers best can prize,
She took her quiet hour of rest
From ward o'er tender ties.

Destroyer Death hath with her been,
And slain her eldest born ;
Her tender heart-wounds still are green,
And yet she doth not mourn,
As I've heard doting mothers do
While to their babes they clung,
But, gazing death's dark portals through,
'Twas thus that mother sung :—

“ Most mothers tell me that the tomb
Craves still the tearful eye,
And that there breaks not through its gloom
One silvery beam of joy—
That from frail Nature's dreamless bed
Springs nought to them but woe ;
Yet there I've one dear treasure laid,
And have not found it so.

“ What though I keenly felt the stroke
That severed us, my child ?
What though my yearning heart outbroke
In gush of anguish wild ?
'Tis joyful, while I meekly bow,
To know my peerless gem,
Though reft from me, enriches now
My Saviour's diadem.

“ Death cannot hide thee from my view,
My bright cherubic boy :
I see thee that dark vista through,
In all the gushing joy
Of youth and innocence replete,
As when thou gamboled here ;
The while the patter of thy feet
Sounds sweetly in mine ear.

“ Thy fairy form is present still
To my enraptured sight,
Thy mellow voice doth ever thrill
My bosom with delight ;
Thy head, still rich in tresses sleek,
Reclines upon my breast,
Thy kisses glow upon my cheek
Warm as when first impressed.

“ 'Tis thus, my child, I ever hold
Sweet converse with the skies,
Since thou hast left earth's barren wold
To bloom in paradise.
And oh, the certainty I feel
That we shall meet again,
Deprives grief's sharply pointed steel
Of all its powers to pain.

* * * * *

“ Preserve, O God, the little ones,
Still circling round my hearth ;

Make them thy daughters and thy sons,
To do Thy will on earth.
And when dark Jordan we've all crossed,
O may the bliss be given,
'That I rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven.' '*

[The above, with the exception of the first, second, and last stanzas, since added, was written for and originally appeared in the second edition of "Words of Comfort," edited by Mr William Logan, Glasgow. The piece is given here by Mr Logan's permission, for which favour, amongst many others, the author feels truly grateful to a kind friend.]

Loveable Things.

YE sullen-brow'd poets avaunt, and away ;
I hate, I detest you, and cannot obey
Your low wailing dirges still croaking on all,
To centre their ken on their funeral pall ;
Your noons are all sunless, your nights without stars,
Your music on harmony's ear rudely jars ;
Your meadows are kineless, and bleak are your hills ;
Your gardens are flowerless, and voiceless your rills.

Care's shadows may darken the sunniest brow ;
The merriest heart 'neath afflictions may bow ;
The manliest shoulders may yield to their load ;
The nimblest foot halt on life's rugged road.

* The last couplet is an adaptation from Burns.

But soon from that brow will care's shadows depart,
And melody quickly revisit that heart ;
Soon straighten those shoulders ; those feet lightly spring,
On their way soothed by some loveable thing.

'Tis loveable infancy's face to behold—
Fair casket whose gem is more precious than gold ;
Ay, loveable e'en if a jewel so bright,
Shines but for a little to gladden our sight.
More loveable still to the mother's fond eye,
If the gem of her hearth is left sparkling by ;
When soon all her loveable cares must begin
To shield it from every tarnish of sin.

Ah yes, 'tis a weighty though loveable care,
Neglected by many a child-doating pair,
To lead the young footsteps the straight narrow road,
Safe pathway to virtue, to honour, and God.
Ev'n then 'tis a loveable comfort to know
That He whose hand blessed little children below,
To his mansion of peace with a kind loving care,
Delights in his bosom the lambkin to bear.

'Tis loveable sure to see children at school,
Where breeding, with letters, is taught them by rule ;
Unlike the rude madcaps in my scholar days,
When boisterous mischief was crowned with the bays.
'Tis loveable, surely, their day's lessons done,
To witness their gambols and join in their fun—
The bashful, the forward, the pensive, the gay,
Each running down pleasure his several way.

A loveable time when the flame of true love
Begins in the breasts of the young folks to move,
When virtue benignly has marked them her own,
And graces their heads with fair chastity's crown.
'Ah! loveable then in the pure gaze of heaven,
When the heart with the hand to each other is given,
And they bravely begin the tough battle of life,
Strong in the endearments of husband and wife.

A loveable sight when the olive plants shoot
In vigorous health from the parent-tree root,
When ev'ry sweet budlet the germ is of hope,
Whose blossoms, if tended, in beauty shall ope.
A loveable task, then, to culture with skill
These flow'rets immortal, and early instil
Such dews to their hearts as shall cause them to bloom,
And shed round their homesteads a gracious perfume.

A loveable sight when the hoary in years
Die wet with the love dews of filial tears;
And the woe-stricken mourners the dear ones resign
Warm from their own hearts to the bosom divine.
Then loveable memories surely will come
To gladden those left in "the old house at home,"
And loveable whispers from yonder bright sphere,
"Be wary, dear children, we wait for you here."

A loveable thing to be aye on the watch,
Th' advancement of wily temptation to catch,
Whose gilded allurements lie scattered around,
Ay, e'en from the cradle to life's farthest bound.

Intemp'rance, thou blaster of life's fairest joys,
Thou mingler of pleasures with basest alloys,
To shun thee thou serpent with hell-barbed sting,
Is wisdom the best—is a loveable thing.

'Tis sweet to indulge in a loveable dream,
Of "good times a-coming," though distant they seem ;
When custom no longer the goblet will drain,
That pilfers the senses and muddles the brain.
When rulers will blush for the shame of our times,
The State drawing gold from home-blighting crimes,
When subjects will garner the fruits of their toil
To gladden the hearths of our ocean-girt isle.

Then forward, ye vet'rans, in loveable deeds ;
Much deemed i' the sowing Utopian seeds,
Man-tended, heaven-watered with warm blessed showers,
Now flourish fruit-hopeful, most loveable flowers.
The slave to unfetter, the drunkard reclaim,
The guileless to succour, to rescue from shame
Yon poor erring sister whose soul anguish stings—
Are noble, are Christ-like, are loveable things.

To my Books.

DEAR cronies o' my wauken hours,
Nor far awa when Morpheus pours,
In silent, yet refreshing showers,
Balm-laden slumbers,

I've ettled lang to rouse yer powers
In Doric numbers.

And as ye've aft at feedin' time
Put Pegasus in fettle prime,
We's brave, for you, the breezy clime,
On stey Parnassus,
An' let ilk hobbler on rhyme
Try wha can pass us.

Ay, here we go noo helter-skelter,
Withouten whup, or spur, or halter,
Nor at obstructions sall we falter,
Nor gie a stammer,
Though taxman Syntax flees for shelter
On back o' Grammar.

O' a the friens by me possessed,
Ye are the dearest an' the best,
Save her wha nightly shares my nest,
An' wha's aft cryin'
That she's doun-hauden an' oppressed
By my buik-buyin'.

On crinolines she'd wair a croun,
Or four times that upon a gown ;
But let her catch me saunterin' roun',
An auld buik staun',
She'll whisper, wi' her broos a-froun,
" John, let's be gaun."

Ay, mony a dirdum ye hæe bred
Atween us twa, ill to be laid ;

An' yet, belyve, to the auld trade
I'm aye returnin',
An' sprousin' owre some prizes made,
Wi' fervour burnin'.

Yet my auld hen, I winna wrang her ;
'Tisna for lang she keeps her anger,
But sune the din o' wordy clangour
'Tween us gies way,
An' wi' a couthie smile upon her
She'll lauchin' say—

“ What new buik's this ye've coft, my dear ?
Is't prose or rhyme ? come let us hear,
An' while I gar the needle steer
To help the cost o't,
I'se len' ye an attentive ear,
Sin' thus ye boast o't.”

O fond guidwives, did ye but ken
Hoo readin' wad improve yer men,
Ye'd grudge na when on buiks they spen'
Part o' their winnins,
Syne there micht to the drunkard's den
Be fewer rinnins.

Dear buiks, whatever mood I'm in,
I to yer cozie dwellin' rin',
Weel kennin' that I'm sure to fin'
What I desire,
Be't sober prose, or joyous din
O' poet's lyre.

At ony hour, by nicht or day,
Ye've aye a kindly word to say ;
An' some bit trifle make me wae,
Ye never jeer me ;
While sable dule ye keep at bay,
She daurna steer me.

Wi' learn'd looks ye never daunt me,
Nor wi' my poverty affront me ;
Wi' stupidity ye never taunt me,
But patient still
Ye labour on, an' never crunt me,
Howe'er sae dull.

When bodies 'neath the blankets creep,
An' I wi' you late vigils keep,
Till e'en I, tae, doit owre asleep
An' let ye tumble,
Ye never gie ae plaintive cheep
Or angry grumble.

On Sabbaths, if frae kirk I stay,
Ye grand employment for me hae :
The Bible, "Treasury,"* an' mae
Than I can name ;
Mak' what should be on ilk Lord's-day,
Bethel o' hame.

Ye've "Leisure Hours" for me galore,
On whilk I can wi' profit pore,
And aye keep addin' to my store
O' usefu' knowledge,

* *The Christian Treasury.*

Tho' I hae never crossed the door
O' ony college.

An' there's D'Aubigne's "Reformation,"
Whilk freed us frae that incarnation
O' vile misrule and degradation,
The Pope o' Rome,
Wha's blasted many a thriving nation
An' happy home.

Gillespie proves the Deity
Of a necessity maun be ;
"Pearson on Infidelity"
New faith supplies ;
While Doddridge shows how piety
In sauls may rise.

Or if, as memory care-reliev'd,
Reverts to bygone boons receiv'd,
I count wee graves, richt sairly griev'd,
And I hae room for't;
For waefu' hearts, o' bairns bereav'd,
Ye've "Words o' Comfort."*

Or wad I visit Palestine—
The task, dear Ferguson,† be thine
To guide me whaur the Christ divine
In sorrow trod,
Nor yet the journey wad resign,
Tho' rough the road.

* "Words of Comfort for Parents bereaved of Little Children,"
edited by William Logan, Esq., Glasgow.

† "Sacred Scenes in Egypt and the Holy Land," by the Rev. F.
Ferguson, M.A., Glasgow.

Nae sour-faced Christian bigot thou,
Aye tether'd to the kirk-bell tow,
But aft thou set'st the Muse a-glow,
 'Mang scenes o' fame,*
As cannily thy vessel's prow
 Keeps nearing hame.

Thus Sabbaths gie me nae distress
That they sall prove a weariness,
But forward sae the moments press,
 On silent wings,
That ere I ocht o' time may guess,
 He gloamin' brings.

Or, kirk owre, do thy woods an' braes,
O bonnie Kelvin, tempt my gaze;
Then wi' some buik o' sacred lays,
 In some lowne spot,
I hymn, in heart, my Maker's praise,
 An' bless my lot.

Am I in search o' general knowledge,
Here Cassell keeps an open College,†
Whaur mony a verdant tuft o' foliage,
 I aft hae gathered,
Till, heth, I've noo made sic a spoliage,
 I'm gylies feathered.

Am I disposed for courtly things,
Macaulay's Muse, on glowin' wings,

* "Sacred and Continental Scenes in Syria, Greece, &c." (Second Series), by the same author.

† Cassell's Popular Educator is here referred to.

Versailles, or auld Saint Jamie's brings
Close to my side,
Whaur cheek for chow, "I crack wi' Kings,"
Nor am denied.

Noo at the Hague wi' Orange Willie,
I mourn our second Jamie's folly ;
Noo see our brave deliverer rally
His ilk battalion ;
An' noo he croons, at ae grand sally,
Our blest rebellion.

Or wad I rather tak' a scour
Owre the braid fields o' literature,
I frae his "Essays" to secure
A hairst ne'er fail,
Or o' his "Speeches" I devour,
A toothsome meal.

Seek I the rise an' the decline
O' Scottish Kings o' auld lang syne,
Frae Duncan till the Stuart's line
Wi' Ann expires,
Then Watty Scott, thy rare ingine,
Meets my desires.

Noo lost 'mid Pictish darkness hoar ;
Noo battlin' Romans frae our shore ;
Noo, Wallace, I thy fate deplore,
Syne roun' I turn,
Tread wi' The Bruce that field o' glore,
Fam'd Bannockburn.

What tho', puir Watty, critics say
Thy history's but a schule-wean's play ;
I've pleased been wi't for mony a day
Nor at it tarrowed,
But proud am o't, tho' by the way,
My copy's borrowed.

Here's Johnson on the British Muses,
An' some o' them sae hard he uses,
That mony a critic noo abuses
Sam for a prig,
Despite the knowledge skep that houses
'Neath his auld wig.

Yet I the Doctor winna slight,
Albeit at bards he snarl an' bite,
For "Rasselas" is my delight,
Tho' my surprise is,
Hoo got the Prince sae wise an' bright,
Yont "Cam' or Isis."

Here's "Boswell's Johnson," volumes four ;
Na, there's a fifth, the Hielan' Tour,
Whaur wi' the Sage, at ony hour,
I ca' the crack,
An' join the literary core,
At his chair back.

Compound o' mony a thrawart part,
Gruff manners wi' the kindest heart,
I see thee, Johnson, as thou wert,
And as thou'lt staun'

For ages, by the matchless art
O' Boswell drawn.

I see thee carelessly attired ;
I hear thy "No, Sir," hetly fired
At ane an' a' whase lear aspired
Wi' thee to cangle,
Nor would'st thou beaten hae retired,
Frae wordy wrangle.

I see thy waddle o' a walk ;
I hear thy rich tea-table talk,
While thou appliest logic chalk
To guide thy way,
Nor need the critic flee his hawk
At thee for prey.

At Bolt Court, tae, I whiles peep in,
An' see thee tend the puir an' blin',
Nor to the pack, despite their din,
Dost thou ocht grudge,
Frae Frank, thy man o' coloured skin,
To baudrons "Hodge."*

An' here's the works o' auld "Kit North,"
Tales, Noctes, Essays, and sae forth,
Whaur wisdom grups a haud o' mirth,
An' treads a measure,
While ilk guffaw drains at its birth,
A waucht o' pleasure.

* The Doctor's Cat.

Noo fishin' in his Sportin' Jacket,
Noo jumpin' strippit to the fecket,
Wi' Hogg he noo kicks up a racket,
 Lauchin' the while ;
Some author's praised noo, or attacket
 In slashin' style.

O' Temperance buiks I hae a few,
An' there's The League's "Scottish Review,"
In green half-calf, an' guid as new,
 In volumes ten,
Whaur alcohol meets wi' his due
 Frae mony a pen.

There's Craik on English literature,
Frae dawn o't till its present hour ;
Wi' odds an' ens abune a score,
 O' merit some,
Ithers sae sae, an' three or four,
 Scarce worth their room.

Hae I nae Poets ? Need ye speer ;
Ay, raws owre raws, ye'll fin' them here.
But wha'd bring Poets in the rear
 O' a lang sang ?
Na, trowth, I'se gie them better cheer,
 An' that ere lang.

My Catalogue of Poets.

'TISNA as authors are in vogue
 That they staun in my Catalogue,
 But juist as pleases that dour rogue,
 Camsteery Rhyme,
 Wha's aft gien *Sense* a deadly progue,
 Nor thocht it crime.

Scotch poets first; an' for that matter
 Bluid's thicker aye, ye ken, than water,
 An' though o' Southernns I've a hatter
 O' fame possessed,
 The chieils that deal in Doric clatter
 Aye please me best.

O' Robin Burns, the king o' a'
 Scotch bards, I hae editions twa,
 The tane's a "Currie," cheap and sma',
 Frae chapman's staun,
 The tither, Blackie's volumes braw,
 Complete an' gran.

Syne close by Coila's darling bard,
 Auld Allan's pastoral pipe is heard,
 Nor lacks his "Shepherd" due regard
 Frae ony Scot,
 But meets a walth o' fond award
 In ha' an' cot.

Buik stauns I haunted lang an' weel,
 Ere in I fell wi' famed M'Neil,*
 At length Dame Fortune crooned my zeal
 Wi' prime success,
 An' there, in volumes twa, the chiel
 I noo possess.

And here's auld Janet Hamilton,
 Weel ca'd "The Skylark o' Langloan,"
 Wha's writ my Bardship's name upon
 Her volumes twa,†
 While, at her lug, Bob Ferguson,
 His reed doth blaw.

Hadst thou been Bob's coeval, Janet,
 An' ye forgathered on our planet,
 "The writer chiel," in mony a sonnet,
 Had sung o' thee,
 An' birl't on high his starry bonnet,
 Wi' bardic glee.

There's Sandy Rodger, fu' o' glee,
 An' Motherwell, whase sympathy
 For human waes aft dims the e'e
 O' waukrife care,
 An' Jamie Hogg, wi's mystery
 O' faery lear.

An' here's thy buikie, thin an' sma',‡

* Hector M'Neil, author of "Will and Jean," &c.

† "Poems and Essays," and "Poems and Sketches," by Janet Hamilton, Langloan.

‡ "Redeeming Love and other Poems," by Jane M'Gregor.

Dear "Sister Jane," worth mony a twa
 O' amplest size, hailed wi' a blaw
 O' fulsome praise,
 While few hae noticed wi' *eclat*
 Thy tender lays.

E'en sae; let surly prozers gloom,
 An' poetasters sink or soom,
 But hearsto, wifie, there's my thoom,
 Thy volume wee
 Has mair than ae poetic bloom
 That winna dee.

There's Wilson, tae, a Paisley callan,
 The dread o' wives that's gi'en to scaulin;
 An' dae ye no hear Maggie bawlin'
 At Mungo's door,
 An' see puir Watty to his dwallin'
 Jog on before.

A rare bit buikie, fu' o fun,*
 "The Tint Quey," an' "The Siller Gun,"
 And "Caleb,"† auld Sanct Mungo's son,
 Reamin' wi sang,
 Wha' roun' a ruin-hunted grun
 Liked weel to gang.

Syne here's mysel' an' blythe "Kilwuddie,"‡

* "Popular Scottish Poems." Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.

† The late Hugh Macdonald, Glasgow, author of "Poems," "Days at the Coast," &c.

‡ "Kilwuddie and other Poems," by James Nicholson, Glasgow, author of "Willie Waugh," &c.

Eke Jamie Smith,* an Embro' laddie,
Three birkies ever leal an' ready,
In their ain line,
To serve wi' ony tunefu' Leddy,
O' a' "The Nine."

O' Shakespeare, glegest seer to pore
 Into humanity's heart's core,
 An' raise the dead o' ages hoar
 Frae oot their slumbers,
 I'm weekly addin' to my store,
 In penny numbers. †

Here's Milton's "Paradise" sublime,
An' Thomson's "Seasons" in their prime ;
Young's "Night Thoughts," Pollok's, "Course of
 The Bard of "Hope," [Time,"
An' prince o' measurers o' rhyme,
 Wee Sauners Pope.

An' there's that placeman Matthew Prior,
Wha never hained a slavish lyre,
But sung as Dives micht desire,
 And at his biddin',
An' yet he didna lack the fire
 That poets feed on.

An' here's a rather scarce affair.

* "The Merry Bridal of Frithmains, and other Poems and Songs."

† "Cassell's Shakespeare."

A real Foulis* I declare
 O' the droll Dean's† poetic ware,
 In volumes twa ;
 Tho' some o't ane micht brawly spare,
 It's far frae braw.

But here, what's this, wha bids a guinea
 For Johnson's tragedy, "Irene?"
 A "Dodsley" tae, and trowth I winna
 Tak' ony less,
 For mony keen book-hunters dinna
 The like possess.

Here Johnson's poems, a' complete,
 There Parnell's "Hermit" tak's his seat,
 While Beattie's "Minstrel" sings fu' sweet
 His rural psalms,
 And auld "Kit North" in his retreat,
 "The Isle o' Palms."

Am I on foreign travel bent?
 An' wad I range the Continent?
 Here Goldsmith's kindly haun is lent,
 Glowin' wi' rhyme ;
 An' hours I've wi' his "Traveller" spent,
 Nor grudge the time.

'Mang modern poets south the Tweed,

* R. & A. Foulis, the famed Glasgow publishers of the last century.

† Dean Swift.

The Laureate, nae doot, taks the lead,
An' there at "Arthur's" green grave-head,
Noo wild, noo calm,
Comes wailin' frae his doleful reed
"Memoriam."

An' there's his "Enoch Arden" tae,
Langside o' classic Tamas Gray,
An' Butler's zealot-lashin' lay,
"Sir Hudibras,"
Written for merry Charlie's pay,
Ne'er gien, alas!

An' here's a pair o' lo'esome Willies,
Wordsworth and Cowper, fresh as lilies,
And o' "The Excursion's" hills an' valleys,
I never tire,
The while "The Task" o' pleasure full is
To my desire.

An' there's auld Homer's "Odyssey,"
Translated into verse, rhyme free,
'Bout whilk sumph critics did agree
Cowper to worry,
Yet, Willie lad, it pleases me,
For a' their fury.

Here Crabbe, the hamely village priest,
O' rural manners spreads a feast,
There Blair sings o' that place o' rest,
The lowne, lowne grave,

An' Falconer o' a crew distressed,
While tempests rave.

An' Byron there maun sich an' sab
Owre a' his wrangs, till sour's a crab,
Or aiblins, wi' a caustic stab,
The critic slay,
Wha durst avoo he was nae dab
At poesy.

An' here, frae yont the western billow,
Are poets three, wi' voices mellow,
Bryant, Edgar Poe, Longfellow,
And aft the three,
On breezy knowe or dingly hallow,
Hae pleased me.

I've liv'd "The Ages," o'er and o'er ;
Sigh'd wi' "The Raven—Nevermore ;"
Conn'd "Hiawatha's" legend hoar,
Till day's decline ;
Mourned owre thy trials long an' sore,
"Evangeline."

That posie there o' fadeless bloom,*
Aft cheer'd me wi' its sweet perfume,
What time roun' yonder living tomb
I groped my way,

* "Book of English Poetry." London and Edinburgh : T. Nelson and Sons. This is one of the books which the author possessed while an inmate of Barnhill Poorhouse, near Glasgow.

While pallid Hope peered through the gloom
In vain for day.

At length kind Providence, through thee,
My Muse, supplied me wi' a key
That set my prison door agee,
And oot I sprang,
To prize afresh sweet liberty,
An' thy blythe sang.

At tail-en' o' this gran' paraud
O' poets, I've an awkward squad,
Wham Pegasus, the fiery yaud,
Has aften kickit,
While auld Apollo frae the trade
Has them restrickit.

Sae thus I've, in a sort o' way,
Gane owre my stock o' poetry ;
An' yet I'd like as mony mae,
But siller's scant ;
An' heth, oor guidwife's bauld to pray,
"Lang may ye want."

Sae let my patrons tak' the hint,
Leuk owre my list, an' what's no in't
Sen' till me, and I'se never mint
Ocht o' the same,
Lest, should they see themsels in print,
They'd dee for shame.

O waesocks for the approbation
That pays na for a dedication,

When sic as I maun keep the station
That fate awards me ;
An' yet, be thankit, frae starvation
My Musie guards me.

Starvation, na, my sonsie queen,
That fleys nor thee nor me I ween,
Nor oor guidwife, thy helpfu' frien' ;
But 'tween thy lays,
An' Maggie's thrift, I'm keepit bien
In meat an' claes.

Nor lack I saxpence i' my need,
On prented lore the mind to feed,
An' till I rest me wi' the deid,
In my last hame,
Rather than want for buiks to read,
I'll scrimp my wame.

The Wondrous Singing Bird.

A WONDROUS singing bird I've got,
Whose mellow throat, at times,
Within a wondrous cozie cot,
Trills o'er some merry rhymes.
It is nor merle, lark, nor thrush,
Lintwhite, nor goldfinch gay,
Yet bird in sky, on tree, or bush,
Ne'er piped a sweeter lay.

But 'tis a wondrous wayward bird,
As ever man possessed,
One moment 'tis with rapture stirred,
The next with woe depressed ;
And feathery throated warbler ne'er
Mourned o'r a slaughtered brood
More sadly, than oft pains mine ear,
This bird of changeful mood.

'Midst flowery field, neath summer sky,
By wildwood skirting rill,
You'd think the soul of Ecstasy
Did birdie's bosom thrill.
Yet even then while Beauty's smile
Made glad the face of earth,
I've known this little tyrant spoil
Each charm of rural mirth.

When Autumn leads, in jocund lines,
Her merry-hearted throngs
O'er rustling fields, wee birdie joins
The reaper's snatchy songs.
When Hodge cries, "Dobbin, cheer up lad,
The last sheaf's on the wain,"
And all o'er harvest feasts are glad,
Then blithe is birdie's strain.

When Boreas twangs his herald horn
At gloamin' of the year,
And lengthening night and foggy morn,
Proclaim King Winter near ;

When all the feathery tribes are hushed,
And scarce one note is heard,
What floods of mellow song have gushed
Forth from this wondrous bird.

Yet oft, when all 'neath Autumn's ray
Beams with her golden glow,
'Twill weep a melancholious lay,
A very dirge of woe.
When snow-charged wintry winds prevail,
And groans the naked wood,
This bird will Nature's cries outwail,
When in a joyless mood.

A tranquil, or a troubled sky,
Aurora's radiant smile,
The flash of thunder's lurid eye,
The plantain's dark defile;
A word, a look, the tones of love,
The breaths of right and wrong;—
All these, in turn, will various move
This wondrous bird of song.

Yet, bird, I know not to this hour
What shape or hue thou hast,
Though I have FELT thy witching power
Through a far-reaching past.
I've called thee oft, but thou hast ne'er
Made answer to my call;
Till now, I quite begin to fear,
Thou'rt not a bird at all.

By night, by day, when fortune lowers,
Or darts her cheerful beams,
Thou'rt with me in all waking hours,
Nor absent from my dreams.
So closely art thou to me bound,
Such hold thou tak'st of me ;
What if the owner be the owned,
And I the claimed of thee ?

Riddle to me, whate'er thou art
To SAVANS of our times ;
Or bond, or free, we may not part,
I'd miss thy dullest rhymes.
Nor are thy strains all born of earth,
For oft thou charm'st mine ears
With melodies of noblest birth—
Sweet songs of higher spheres.

The Pleasure Excursion.*

COME, rouse thee, my heavy-eyed Muse ;
Art dreaming by Lethe's dull river ?
This ditty thou canst not refuse—
The theme was thy favourite ever.

* These lines were suggested by a pleasure excursion to Ayr of the children attending Ochiltree Free Church Sabbath School, on Saturday, August 5, 1865.

'Tis *children* entreat thee to choose
For them thy most tripping of numbers,
So sip thy *Castalian* dew,
And wake from thy fame-stealing slumbers.

The morning was loweringly gray,
Our weather seers sorely bewildering,
How best to presage of the day,
When forty blithe Sabbath-school children
Set out a first visit to pay
To the burgh so famed for "braw lasses,"
Jocosely resolved to be gay,
Despite weather seers and their glasses.

But *Sol*, from his lattice on high,
Outpeeping, his benison gave us,
Then bade his rain vassals stand by,
From plashy discomforts to save us.
And soon, 'neath a clear summer sky,
The little birds join in a choir,
Which our little songsters outvie,
And warble notes sweeter and higher.

Not in phaetons, but good farmers' carts,
Then see us trip on in procession,
More cheery, I trow, at our hearts
Than ever was royal progression.
Each hamlet we pass through upstarts,
To cheer us, as onwards we hurry—
A sight that true pleasure imparts
Alike to the young and the hoary.

Old Ocean methought wore a smile,
As our goal we were merrily nearing ;
And soon o'er the sands of old Kyle
Our troops were so gaily careering,
That the sound of their frolics the while
In the ear of the rhymer still lingers,
And memory garners each spoil
Of the day with penurious fingers.

Our maidens, sweet rosy-checked dears—
Gay mad-caps—together are romping ;
Our youngers, 'mid sloth-rousing cheers,
Wing-footed, are running or jumping.
Give *poets* "the music of spheres,"
As each with its neighbour rejoices ;
More joyous by far to *my* ears
Is the music of little folk's voices.

The father, with snowy-streaked hair,
Forgot all his sorrow and toiling ;
The mother forgot her home care,
In the beams of her little ones smiling.
Such romping and running was there,
Such laughter, and such cookie eating ;
'Twill be long ere the sands of old Ayr
Have such a blithe Sabbath-school meeting.

I'd sing how ye relish'd the sight
Of red-coats at soldiers a-playing ;
And woe to our land when the *might*
Of its brave Volunteers is decaying !

. . .

But time, the most surly old wight
That ever had aught in his power,
Proclaims by the shadows of night,
That near is the home-going hour.

Three cheers for your teachers so kind,
The like for the motherly lady,
Whom still you will lovingly find
To further your welfare aye ready.
Nor leave the kind farmers behind—
Good offices theirs, and ye know it—
And if ye can spare him the wind,
Three cheers for your servant, the *poet*!

Now, off to your waggons, ye *fays*,
For, ah me! the day is a-dying;
Still brimful of frolicsome ways,
Quick homewards ye all must be hieing.
May your future have many such days
As the present, unchequered by sorrow,
And may they ne'er turn from the gaze
Of a peaceful, pure-eyed Sabbath morrow.

To T. K., on the Birth of his Son,

JANUARY 26, 1867.

Your welcome note, my trusty frien',
Cam' by the latest post yestreen,

Frae whulk I an' my sonsie queen
Were blythe to learn
That Phemy to your arms had gi'en
A laddie bairn.

An' yet we'd scarcely wished ye joy,
An' lang possession o' yer boy,
Till SELF threw in this base alloy,
Nor wad it lea'e us—
“The guest that comes but to destroy,
Has aft been wi' us.”

Ay, in the garden o' our hearth,
Some bonnie flowers hae had their birth ;
But ever-grudging mither Earth
Made guid her claim,
An' sune o' joy there was a dearth
About our hame.

But SELF, ye dowg ! what maks ye gurr,
When frienly hearts wi' rapture stir ?
Swith, to the door, ye whingin' cur,
An' guard keep on it,
Till I lilt aff, wi' gleesome birr,
This natal sonnet.

Sae, Tammie, 'twas the sax-an'-twenty
O' January made ye cantie,
An' spruce as ony cockie lintie,
Wha joyous e'es
His hen-bird, o' her fledglings tenty,
Her lord to please.

O what a date that to be born in,
The follower o' that wintry mornin',
Whase haur-dyed beams are still adornin'
Our hill-taps hoar,
When, Burns, thy meteor soul shot burnin'
On Coila's shore.

O Tammie, had that limmer, Fate,
Thy bairn but hastit on his gate,
An' furritted his natal date
By some few hours,
"The Nine" upon him noo nicht wait
Wi' kind *devoirs*.

Then had that noted scribbler, Fame,
Upon her scroll inscrib'd his name,
And auld Apollo frae his hame
Cam flaffin' down,
Himsel' to grant the poets claim,
A laurel crown.

But waesocks me! the days are gane
When e'en the puirest cottar's wean
Had guardian spirits o' its ain
To tend it still,
While step-dame Fortune strove in vain
To dae it ill.

But, Tammie lad, ye're no the coof
That hauds to spaewives oot the loof,
An' thinks that born aneath the roof
O' some gran' star

Is 'neuch to make him bullet proof
In life's wild war.

Our fortune's maistly what we mak' it ;
E'n as we coin't, sae maun we tak' it ;
Yet thousands hae been sairly wracket
By coinin't wrang ;
Syne, blaitless, they've the dame attacket
In prose an' sang.

For me, in spielin' life's stey brae,
I daurna wish thy bairnie may
Pursue the rugged, zig-zag way
The poet trod,
Whilk led him whiles a thocht astray .
Frae peace an' God !

O' humbler gifts than his ingine,
That little less was than divine,
Puir Robin had what made him shine
'Bune common men ;
An' gif they grace this bairn o' thine,
I think he'll fen.

Be his Rab's love an' filial zeal
For dear auld Mither Scotland's weal ;
Rab's heart, that wi' the vera deil,
In the "Address,"
Did sympathise—may thy wee chiel
The like possess.

Be his Rab's independent soul,
That mortal man could ne'er control,
Wha'd suner taen the parish dole
Than bent the knee
To ony purse-proud carmajole
O' high degree.

O' a' hypocrisy an' cant,
Rab's burnin' hate may he ne'er want ;
Nor be his infant bosom scant
O' siccan seeds
As grew, in Rab, to mony a plant
O' noble deeds.

May a' the graces o' the mammie
Richly adorn her bonnie lammie ;
Nor may she fail, my trusty Tammie,
Ere she gets auld,
To be a halesome, fruitfu' damie,
An' stock yer fauld !

May the prime virtues o' the daddie
Dwall i' the breastie o' his laddie—
A glowin' heart, an' haun aye ready
To help a frien',
Fulfillin' aye, unswervin', steady,
His word when gien.

Then sall he live life's little span
In keepin' wi' heaven's gracious plan ;

And when his destined course he's run,
His worth shall crave—
“God's noblest work—an honest man”—
Upon his grave!

This, Tammie, is nae fleechin' flether,
Be't rhyme, or prose, or richtly neither;
And, leavin' thee the raivell't tether
To redd out clearly,
Till at the tea-board we forgather,
I'm thine sincerely.

To My Father's Photograph.

Thy likeness: 'tis thyself, my sire—
Thy very self it is to me;
And while I from my homely lyre
Pour forth a filial strain to thee,
I'll bless the art that can pourtray,
Life-lit, the human face divine;
And dear to me that art for aye,
Since, father, it has given me thine.

While Coila's woods and waterfalls,
Her gow'ny-dappled fields of green,
With rural cots and urbane halls,
Thickly be-gem our paths between,

I, by my wonted ingle nook,
From my familiar easy chair,
Have but to raise a casual look
Thy loved society to share.

I gaze into those mild, blue eyes,
To catch the dear, expressive glance,
That, as the changeful summer skies
Sweet flow'rets sadden or entrance,
O'er my warm youth's impulsive ways
Possessed the power to praise or blame ;
And as into them now I gaze,
My heart still owns their power the same.

Those dear lips' sunny curves I watch,
To genial humour keenly strung—
And, never doubting I shall catch
The music of the Doric tongue,
In haste I bend the thirsty ear
To drink thy voice's tones beloved ;
And, hush ! its echoes reach me here,
Tho' from me thou'rt so far removed.

The snows of age now thickly lie,
My father, on thy honoured head,
That to nought save *Integrity*
Hath ever yet obeisance paid ;
O'er it grim Care's sheer driving plough
Much stern, decisive work hath done,
Yet still that deeply-furrowed brow
Is nobly raised to greet the sun.

Thy well-knit frame, inured to toil
Ere yet thy boyhood reached its prime,
Tough as the oak, would seem the while
Defying the assaults of Time.
Long on thy manly shoulders broad
Have fallen the moils of man's estate,
Yet still thou travell'st life's rough road,
Nor seem'st, methinks, to feel their weight.

In fancy's eye thy white locks wave
Upon the summer's gentle breeze,
As forth thou strid'st, old sportsman brave,
The golden-spotted trout to seize ;
Or, haply, 'tis of willow-wands
That thou this morning art in quest,
And we shall see thy cunning hands
To basket-making soon addressed.

For fully threescore years and ten
On earth thou hast a pilgrim been ;
And, 'mid the busy haunts of men,
Thou'st many changes felt and seen.
Misfortune's scowls have crossed thy path,
And blighted sore thy earthly weal ;
Thou'st often felt Death's savage wrath,
And bled beneath his cankerous steel.

But, thanks to the almighty arm
Of Jacob's God, on whom thou leant,
Afflictions wrought thee good—not harm—
When over thee their wrath was spent.

Though faint at times, yet not downcast,
Strength to endure to thee was given ;
And every fresh returning blast
Found thee a journey nearer heaven.

But now, my sire revered, farewell,
Lest zeal 'gainst modesty offends ;
More of thy worth I may not tell—
'Tis known to heaven and to thy friends.
Enjoy thy calm, well-earned repose,
Where little haps that fails to please ;
And may thy life's lowne gloamin' close
'Mid filial love and rural ease.

Grannie Gemmill's De ;

OR, THE SHOE-BLACK BRIGADE.

GRANNIE GEMMELL, ae gloamin', sat watchin' her lane,
Nor wist whaur her oe, her wee Dawnie had gane :
He'd been out sin' morn, an' her fears became great
Lest he wi' waff callans had gane an ill gate ;
When slap to the wa' flees the door wi' a bang,
While joyous cried Dawnie, as forward he sprang,
"Cheer up, dearest grannie ; till fit for a trade,
I'm listed to serve in the Shoe-black Brigade."

“Come, come,” quo’ his grannie, “that canna be sae—
I’m jubous ye’ve been to the Green at your play;
An’ weel, as I ken, ye like grannie to please,
Ye gang ill aboot it by telling her lees.
But, noo that I’ve gat my bit cruizie in trim,
An’ dichted my specks for my auld e’en sae dim,
I see there’s a something! Whaur gat ye thae claes?
Losh, callan, ye ne’er were sae braw a’ yer days!”

“Ay, grannie, I’m listed; tak’ that for the proof”—
An’ a shillin’ he gleefully laid in her loof,
While the auld body’s tear-drops, a gratefu’ propine,
Bejewelled the croon on the bricht siller coin;
Synae a glowf o’ quate humour spread owre her auld broo,
That deeply was furrowed by daddie Care’s ploo,
As Dawnie said, “Cheer up, an’ dinna be dull;
I’ll work for ye, grannie—as sure’s *death* I wull.”

“But, Dawnie,” quo’ grannie, “hoo cam’ this aboot?”
For ocht o’ the ferlie I canna mak’ oot,
Hoo a puir, frienless callan sic favours should win
Frae the hauns o’ Dame Fortune, e’en tho’ she be blin’.
Sin’ a bairn at the breast ye hae been i’ my care,
An’ little’s I had ye hae aye gat a share;
An’ while I can ca’ a bit spindle o’ yarn,
There’ll aye be a pick for my parentless bairn.

“But, och! I’m a feckless auld body mysel’,
An’ though I hae taucht ye some lessons to spell,
To counsel an’ guide ye, my steerin’ wee man,
Hoo unfitted I was aft keenly I fan’;

An' fear to my heart has gien mony a stoun,
That ye nicht tak' up wi' ill bairns i' the toun.
But Providence, dootless, means kindly to deal
Wi' clever wee Dawnie—sae tell me yer tale."

"Weel, grannie, there was nae tobacco to spin
This morn' whaur I howpt a bit trifle to win,
And the *bobbies* hae cried doun the match-sellin' trade,
An' little at horse-haudin' is to be made ;
Sae I wi' vexation could grutten ootricht
To think I should bring ye nae bawbees the night,
When 'twas my guid luck to meet Jamie Dillap—
Yon callan ye thocht aye a pushin' wee chap.

"‘Man, Dawnie,’ cried Jamie, ‘here’s stunnin’ news noo :
I’ve juist pairted wi’ Curly an’ Sawnie M’Clew,
Wha bouncin’ly tell me their fortune is made,
For they’ve been taen on in the Shoe-black Brigade.
'Twad seem that some big anes hae met an’ agree’t
To try an’ tak’ some o’ us *kids* aff the street,
An’ mak’ us shoe-blacks—an’ they’re wantin’ a lot—
Sae, Dawnie, let’s aff to their office like shot.’

"Awa’ to the office we skirted wi’ speed
To see an they ony mair laddies nicht need,
And the manager, seemin’ to fancy our looks,
Spak kindly ; and, writin’ our names in his books,
Speered wha we belangt tae ? had e’er we dune ocht ?
Wi’ wha, an’ at what sort o’ bizness we’d wrocht ?—
A’ whulk bein’ answered, he’d *trust* us, he said ;
Syne fitted us out for the Shoe-black Brigade.

“ He gied us our tools, and appointed our stance,
And bade us march aff to our duty at ance ;
An’ though my stance bena the best i’ the toun,
It isna the warst ane, I wager a croun.
I brushed like a hatter, an’ yesterday’s rain,
The streets makin’ glaury, did add to my gain ;
And though it was late ere to wark I gaed there,
Ere gloamin’ I polished my twenty-twa pair.

“ An’, grannie, I polished them aff a’ sae clean,
That in them our Tam nicht his shadow hae seen ;
An’ had I my brushes an’ bleck here the noo,
I’d gar your auld shoon look as bonnie’s when new.
Some gentlemen, Curly says, whiles gie them mair
Than’s charged—that’s a penny for brushin’ ilk pair,
O whilk our kind manager gies us our *wheck* ;
For to get a’ our winnins we couldna expeck.

“ We never gie tick—sae we canna weel fail,
When our customers a’ pay us down on the nail.
Though a *vanman*, ae day, gat a shoe-black to sweat,
Syne left the puir thing for his penny to greet ;
But some honest men gart the dirty, low scum,
To pick up the penny, back smartly to come :
For, sune as the mangie sowl saw he was chas’t,
He threw on the causey the penny in haste.

“ An’, grannie, what think ye ? there’s chaps in our rank
Hae siller set down to their names at the Bank !
An’ gif I but ance had my outfittin’ paid,
I yet may hae something in bank snugly laid.

Forbye, they've a schuleroom an' schulemaister tae,
To drill them, an' teach them at close o' the day;
He's been wi' the sodgers, an' fegs the auld *swad*
At haunlin' the taws seems a gey sicker lad.

"Strick, strick are the rules, yet they're needed for't a',
For siccan wild laddies till noo I ne'er saw;
Yet their manager tells them sic labour he'll spen',
An they but behave, he'll mak' some o' them men.
Sae, grannie, ilk morn to my duty I'll trip,
And in the ranks maybe I'll sune get a strip;
For, till I grow bigger an' fit for a trade,
I'll stick like a burr to the Shoe-black Brigade."

Quo' grannie, "Gude's blessin'—O richly may't fa'
On the heads an' the hearths o' ilk ane o' them a',
That kindly hae this noble plan set agaun
To rescue puir callans frae want's cruel haun.
And O may the ill-fated bairns i' the toun,
For wham 'tis intended, prize muckle this boon;
An' you, my dear Dawnie, my dead Nelly's bairn,
Be honest, an' gie up ilk farden ye earn.

Noo burns the fire brichtly: I'll slip down the stair,
An' pairt o' the shillin' will tentily wair—
The shillin' ye faithfully wrocht for this day—
Far better than fifty gat in an ill way.
Feast sall we this night, for a haddock I'll bring;
And sune as the kettle lilts up the auld spring,
We'se drink, when a strong cup o' tea I hae made,
Health, wealth, and lang life to the Shoe-black Brigade."

There is no Standing Still.*

AIR—" *There's nae luck about the house.*"

ANOTHER busy week is past,
And here we are all right,
With shining heads and faces clean—
'Tis jolly singing-night.
Our master sings : Be earnest, boys,
Nor strive poor time to kill ;
We all must work, and trudge along—
There is no standing still.

Whate'er you do, be earnest, boys,
Work with a hearty will ;
Your watchword aye, Keep moving on—
There is no standing still.

What though our work is lowly work ?
In it our bread we find ;
And, happy thought !—in us it rears
An independent mind.
And while strong men have oft confessed
That life's a rugged hill,
To climb the steep we do our best—
There is no standing still.

Whate'er you do, &c.

* Composed for the Glasgow Shoe-black Brigade Boys, and inscribed, with the author's regards, to their music-master, Mr James Bain.

Your boots we'll polish clean and bright,
And do our work so smart,
Time won't have missed you from your way
To railway, bank, or mart.
And to the penny which we charge
For all our nimble skill,
Kind words you'll add to cheer us on—
There is no standing still.

Whate'er you do, &c.

At close of day, with patient care,
We're taught to read and write,
And manners good to make us brave,
Life's battle well to fight;
But, best of all, at Sunday-school
We're taught to shun all ill,
And learn, from many a precious rule,
There is no standing still.

Whate'er you do, &c.

With grateful thanks to all our friends
For every favour past,
'Tis now our boast that our brigade
Can hold its own at last;
We've bread to eat, shoes on our feet,
Warm clothing on our backs,
And higher yet we mean to raise
St Mungo's brave shoe-blacks.

Whate'er you do, &c.

The Breakfast.

OUR cantie Robin Burns, the rogie,
O' "dennerin' wi' a Lord" was vogie
As ony puir half-famished dogie,
 To wham's been gien
O' parritch a weel-heapit cogie
 By kindly frien'.

Nae doot Rab could hae stint his wame
To what he micht pick up at hame;
But then, to think his Muse's fame
 Had e'en been toutit
In lordly lugs—was he to blame
 To brag about it?

Sae hark to me, ilk prosy warlin',
That at the Poet tribe keeps snarlin';
And wonder-workin' Time, auld carlin,
 Aye fresh an' hale,
Pause ye a blink i' yer swift whirlin',
 An' hear my tale.

For sure am I, auld daddie Time,
Ye ne'er yet saw a son o' rhyme
Sae low in sic prosaic clime
 As I hae been,
That's maun't to sprauchle to sic prime
 Exchange o' scene.

The morn was June's, queen month o' flowers,
Whan I, somewhaur aboot nine hours,
Tinglin' the bells o' gentle's doors
In our West-end,
Blately exerted a' my powers
My verse to vend.

The simmer sun shone out sae bricht,
It maistly dusht what little sicht
I had, an' left a misty licht
O' brounish gray,
Thro' whilk it cost me care dounricht
To grope my way.

That morn I'd naething dune ava—
The gentles feckly were awa'
To kintra-seats by greenwood shaw,
Or ocean shores;
And little else the rhymster saw,
Save steekit doors.

An open house I chanced to see,
On its brass plate "Sae-sae, M.D."
Thinks I: my lad, I'd better lea'
Wi' you my card,—
Ca' back the morn, in hopes ye'll gie
The Muse regard.

'Twas dune: neist morn the bell I ring—
A braw lass, answerin' to the string,

Said, blythe as sunny morn in Spring,
 "Please, *sir*, to enter,
And I'll the doctor's answer bring
 'To ye *instanter*."

Back wi' this message sped the queen :
 "The doctor was out late yestreen,
Or he your Bardship wad hae seen—
 Hopes you'll forgie him—
Look in the morn at nine bedeen,
 An' breakfast wi' him."

Save us ! thinks I—amazement past—
An' has *distinction* cam' at last ?
I wha sae late on Poortith cast
 An angry e'e—
Am I socht out to break my fast
 Wi' an M.D. ?

Ye may be sure I wisna slack
In sendin' to the doctor back
My blythe consent to tak' a snack
 Wi' him wi' pleasure,
Neist morn at nine, an' ca' the crack
 While he had leisure.

Then left I, wi' the world weel pleas't,
An' twa-inch taller at the least ;
My hat upon my pow upheez't
 Wi' jaunty cock,—

Happy to think my fame was bleez't
'Mang gentle folk.

An' hoo my couthie better-half
My claes did rub an' scrub an' chafe !
She never let's me bare an' waff
Gang to my toil ;
But me that morn she dichted aff
In splendid style.

Then see me at the Doctor's door
Exac' at nine, but nane before ;
For though I'm but a wannerin', poor
Blin' son o' letters,
Dour Pride her colours winna lower
E'en to my betters.

I fan' my host was frank an' free,
An' kindly did he welcome me—
Squeezed hard my haun, while in his e'e
I saw't ilk word :
“ Sir, it rejoices me to see
A leevin' bard.”

He lead me to his parlour braw,
As grand a room as e'er I saw ;
Helped me in owre my chair to draw,
Nor failed to pray
That God wad bless the mercies a' ;
Syne we fell tae.

First cam' the eggs, an' neist the fish,
O' whilk we had a denty dish ;
Warm rows an' toast, an' to my wish,
 Galores o' tea—
Nane o' yer lunket, watery trash,
 But strong Bohea.

Sic is a sample, naething mair,
O' that gran' mornin's bill o' fare,
Sae sweetened by the genial care
 O' the kind host,
That nae unhamely feelings dare
 His guest accost.

The breakfast owre, we then withdrew
Ben to the smokin' room, an' blew,
In curlin' wreaths o' bonnie blue,
 " The fragrant weed,"
While 'tween ilk puff some topic new
 Wad tak' the lead.

We cracked o' hame an' foreign matters ;
A' sorts o' quackery tore to tatters ;
Leuch to hear Yankees roar out "*Debtors*,"
 An' point to us ;
Mourned that brave Poland wore the fetters
 O' haughty Russ.

We wonnert wha wad represent
Our toun in the neist Parliament—

Wad KILMARDINNY* no consent
 To staun again ?
 Or maun twa strangers South be sent
 In place o' ane ?

Cried I, " O Robin, man, tak' pity,
 Nor thus desert yer native city ;
 An' she'll restrain her callans sooty,
 Aye prone to keckle,
 When *voters* see't to be their duty
 M.P.'s to heckle."

Syne we fu' glibly cracked a-wee
 'Bout natural philosophy ;
 Hoo things that to the vulgar e'e
 Seem nocht ava,
 Set *savans*, in perplexity,
 Their pows to claw.

But patients little patience hae—
 Ten hours has struck, mine host maun gae,
 An' strive to gar low pulses play
 A brisker tune,
 An' wi' the high his best to dae
 To calm them down.

Yet, ere I left, maist kindly he
 To come again invited me,
 Whilk gart i' my ilk drumlie e'e
 Strange mists intrude,

* Robert Dalglish, Esq., of Kilmardinny.

Tokens, mayhap, o' fealty
To gratitude.

And thus we parted—he to ease,
Or cure, the pains o' sad disease ;
I wi' the Muse to strive an' please
My patrons hale,
An', aiblins, soothe *some* maladies :
Sae ends my tale.

JUNE, 1865.

WEE DAVOC, the Tailor.

AIR—" *My Bonnie Wee Wife and I.*"

WEE DAVOC, the tailor, stout as an auld Roman,
His wark table struck wi' a bang ;
Flew to his guidwife, an' cried, Nelly, my woman,
Forgie me, for I hae dune wrang.

Dear Nelly, my woman, this sorrowfu' drink
I've dune wi', sae rax me yer haun ;
I'll gie owre the batter an' work like a hatter,
Nor ever rin mair to the pawn.

The maist feck o' tipplers at counters maun blether
For hours owre a bottle o' yill,
But I could ne'er flit frae the chimla my tether,
While I had ocht bottles to fill.

But Nelly, my woman, &c.

Aft hae I been fuilish an' angert ye sairly,
An' ta'en to the bed wi' mysel'
Twa big belly't bottles, an' "punished" them fairly,
Ere I drew a steek for my Nell.

But Nelly, my woman, &c.

'Tween drinkin' an' pawnin' my claes, they hae cost me
Their value, ay, twenty times owre ;
My watch i' my pouch I but rarely could boast me,
But, drink, noo I'm out o' yer power.

Ay, Nelly, my woman, &c.

Noo, Nelly, hae dune wi' yer sewin for siller,
I'se cleed a' our bairnies mysel' ;
Wee Jock I'll keep braw and as buirdly's a miller,
An' mak' o' ilk lassoc a *belle*.

For Nelly, my woman, &c.

I think the first pay nicht I couldna dae better
Than ca' in an' settle the shop ;
For e'en to a frien' let a body be debtor,
There's danger a' frienship may stop.

Noo, Nelly, my woman, I see by yer ee
Ye forgie me, sae rax me yer haun ;
We'll sune a' be happy as happy can be
An' pay ilka bodie we're awn.

Noo, Davoc, the tailor, yon publican's thinkin'
Ye're dour as the dourest o' rams,

For spite o' his coaxing—his jeerin' an' winkin'—
Ye tippie nae mair o' his drams.

An' Nelly, blythe body, she glories to see
Her wee Davoc act the big man,
An' vows that there isna a kinder mannie
Than Davoc 'tween Sheba an' Dan.

The Wee White-headed Laddie.

I SAY guidwife, I'd like to learn
Wha aucths the wee white-headed bairn,
That wi' his cluggies, late an' air
Maks sic a rampin on the stair?
The date far distant canna be
Sin' first he left the mither's knee,
Yet wi' his feet sae heavy shod,
The birkie's never aff the road.

Abroad he's wi' AURORA seen,
But daes he bed wi' her at e'en?
Na, when she's been asleep for hours,
That wee white-headed laddie scours
Abune my head, at sic a rate,
That Fancy flees my achin' pate,
While my twa sang-inspired lugs
Dirl wi' the dunner o' his clugs.

I kenna when the toddler sleeps,
Or is it that his mammy keeps
The wee thing wanken to divert
What else wad be a dowie heart?
Is't that his daddie's whiles to blame,
An' lo'es the chinge-house mair than hame?
Tho', certies, the domestic hearth
SHOULD yield the purest joys o' earth.

Whate'er the cause, let mammy learn,
Aye timeously to bed her bairn,
Sin' best o' doctors are agreed
That bairns a rowth o' slumber need.
He'll ablins yet, wi' weary breast
An' goupin' broo, lack balmy rest,
An' woo the goddess sleep in vain,
For charms 'twere tint him when a wean.

The flowers that wauken wi' the sun,
Sleep ere his daily daurg be done;
The birds that carol a' the day,
Are i' their nests at gloamin grey;
The merrier, at dawn, the lamb,
The suner bleats it for its dam;
An' bairnie that's ne'er owre the trot,
Should aye be early in its cot.

'Tisna that I'm displeased to hear
The merry gush o' lauchter clear,
The shout, an' welkin ringin' noise,
O' bairnies at their healthy ploys;

Na, na, at proper time an' place,
Their joys dae muckle to efface
The deep indented scars o' care,
That i' this warl hae been my share.

Life were a loveless tree, indeed,
A stunted stump, past a' remeed,
But for thae bonnie buds it bears,
To beautify its hoary years.
An' tho' thy icy fingers, Death,
Hae 'mang my buds wrought muckle skaith,
While for my ain my bosom aches,
I lo'e a' bairnies for their sakes.

Whether in kintra, or in toun,
Wi' faces ruddy, pale, or broun ;
Whether on quiet village green,
Or bizzen street, at play ye're seen ;
Whether, when simmer days are lang,
Ye're merry as the lintie's sang,
Or row, in winter, 'mang the snaw,
Wee rogues, I lo'e ye ane an' a'.

A' things are bonnie i' their season,
But, mithers, is that ony reason,
That your wee toddlers, late an' air,
Should raise sic rippets on the STAIR ?
Na, some o' them are no sae wee,
But what they gatherin' lear might be :
Sae bring the wee anes under rule,
An' pack the big anes aff to schule.

Noo, wee white-headed laddie's mither,
I kenna, an' I carena whether,
Ye're pleased or angry wi' my lay,
But I'm content, I've had my say !
Just bed yer bairn wi' ither folk,
Nor mair the poet's ire provoke ;
For heaven kens, I wish wi' zeal
The wee white-headed laddie weel.

My Big Jock.

BY THE GREAT GRAN'DOCHTER O' MISTRESS WILLIE WASTLE.

I WONNER whaur thae Poets get sic wheens o' clever
weans,
Whaum they paraud an' sprouse about in mony rousin'
strains ;
For, waes my heart, I've ane at hame, the suldest o' my
flock,
An' sic a sumph there never leev't as my big Jock.

He'd hardly skirlt into life, an' heth he rowted weel,
Till Grannie Gossip pledg'd her aith he'd be a clever chiel :
A gown an' bawns, or law'er's wig, fresh frae the barber's
block,
He'd surely don ; but waesucks me, for my big Jock !

He's been at twenty schules, I'm sure, an' cost nae little
cash,
For still I howpt he yet micht win some laurels for his
pash ;
But a' his maisters are agreed they'll never maun to
knock
Beuk lear into the timmer head o' my big Jock.

Some mithers brag o' cleanly bairns, but sic is no my
case ;
Frae schule Jock's aft been licket hame, to wash his
brucket face ;
An' bardie callants, I was tauld, sune krisen'd him the
"Brock":
Od, there ne'er was sic a dirty clatch as my big Jock.

Man-muckle grown, yet feint a thing, great gomral, will
he learn ;
He's juist the same auld saxpence noo that he was when
a bairn—
A feckless, guid-for-naething hash, wi' head o' whunstane
rock :
O for some pouther i' the pan o' my big Jock !

Noo Poet Burns, confound him for't, at my great grannie
jeers,
An' folk may think my son an' heir resembles his for-
bears ;
But, certies ! were he like his kin, a comely, clever stock,
I'd hae anither sang to sing o' my big Jock.

An' yet the fallow's ne'er been kent for ony wicked ways,
 I never heard him tellin' whids, or swearin', a' his days :
 An easy-osy thrieveless coof, an' saulless as a rock—
 O for a towmont's sodgerin' for my big Jock !

Some think him silly, yet he kens hoo mony beans mak'
 five ;
 While frienly Jobs a few wull hae't, that he'll improve
 belyve,
 An' aiblins wile some througawn queen to share the
 marriage yoke :
 My wordie, but she'll hae a prize in my big Jock !

Meanwhile, frae Linkumdoddie toun, on Tweeda's nor-
 lan' side,
 To whaur the groozie Kelvin crawls into the savoury
 Clyde,
 There's no a mither i' the laun, I carena what's her flock,
 Can turn me out a sumph to match wi' my big Jock.

Linkumdoddie, March the twenty-sixt,
 Auchteen hunner an' saxty-five.

Fie Shame, Mattie !

AIR—" *My Boy Tammie.*"

WHAT this o't that we hear o' thee ?
 Fie shame, Mattie !
 Sae big, an' yet maun carried be—
 Fie shame, Mattie !

Thou'lt surely break thy daddie's back :
Dae ye no hear't begin to crack ?
Come down, or 'tisna worth a plack—
Fie shame, Mattie !

But daddie has himsel' to blame—
Fule he, Mattie !
For whaur's the steer-about at hame
Gallops wi' his Mattie !
Roun' a' the doors it's kent fu' weel
There's nane sets down a soupler heel ;
Then why sae lag when ta'en a-fiel' ?
Fie shame, Mattie !

Thy cheeks are o' the rosy hue--
Fie shame, Mattie !
An' health adorns thy sunny broo'—
Fie shame, Mattie !
Sae stout in body, lith an' limb,
Thou could'st na be in better trim ;
Come, toddle, an' gie owre thy whim—
Fie shame, Mattie !

Yon silly birdie clearly sings
“ Fie shame, Mattie ! ”
Hums yonder bee, that hameward wings,
“ Fie shame, Mattie ! ”
Yon lammie friskin' on the brae
Wad hae thee join its blythesome play,
An' looks as tho' 'twad jeerin' say,
“ Fie shame, Mattie ! ”

But blessings on thee, while I cry
 “Fie shame, Mattie !”
We'll see thee canter, by-an'-bye,
 Lang miles, Mattie !
Thou'lt rin on erran's to thy ma',
An' rock WEE JAMIE in his ba',
Nor crook thy bonnie mou' for't a',
 Sunny-broo'd Mattie !

The Frailties o' Auld Age.

AIR—“*Gil Morice.*”

GUIDWIFE, I fear we're drawin' near
 The frailties o' auld age ;
I see them a' come creepin' slaw,
 On us their ills to wage.
Our spring an' simmer gane,
 Our autumn wearin' thro',
Snell winter's breath, wi' bitin' skaith,
 Will sune blaw on us noo.

I've tint that pith o' limb an' lith
 I boasted o' when young,
Nor are thy een sae gleg's they've been,
 Nor yet sae lithe thy tongue.

Thy ance dark locks noo show
Mair than ae silv'ry hair,
An' my ain pow, nurs't as I dow,
Is gettin' unco bare.

In Labour's haun we whazlen staun,
Or stagger 'neath a load,
Wi' whulk twice o'er, in days o' yore,
We lichtly could hae strode.
Care's phiz, hoo gruesome noo,
Hoo cankerly bald his pash ;
Tho' girn's he may, we've seen the day,
He gied us little fash.

Our sunny hours 'neath Hymen's bowers,
In young life's cheery morn,
An' mony sweets a body meets
This side o' Time's dark bourne—
They're gane, alas, for aye !
An' noo a thickenin' thrang
O' frailties' woes about us close
The farder on we gang.

E'en let them drive, they'll ne'er deprive,
Ne'er scrimp us o' ae joy,
That love can gie to thee an' me
Neath wintry age's sky :
Come on, then, hirplin Eild,
Bring frailties great an' sma' ;
We've that within will heize us sune
Far, far abune them a'.

Wi' Life's stey brae we mony a day
Were fleyed we wad been bate ;
But stap by stap we upwards crap,
An' wauchl't till a seat.
We'll toddle hamewards noo,
As sickerly's we can ;
Believin' still 'twill best fulfil
Heaven's love-embracin' plan.

I'll ask nae mair an' Fate but spare
My Peggie to my arms ;
Then come what like, for Frailty's byke,
I carena hoo it swarms. .
Strong in ilk ither's love,
Their fiery stangs we'll brave :
Nor mak' a-main, an' we but gain
The lowne side o' ae grave.

Janet's New Sang for Tea-Parties.

AIR—" *My Mither men't my Auld Brecks.*"

Come, neebours, join me in a sang,
A snuff for melancholy !
Anither cup afore we gang,
To our purse-keeper, Willie,
Up, up an' gie him three times three,
This flower o' British laddies,
Wha's eased the duty aff our tea,
An' gien us reamin' caddies.

My blessin's on yer honour'd pow,
Yer honour'd pow, yer honour'd pow,
My blessin's on yer honour'd pow,
Kind-hearted Willie Gladstone.

The mautsters fain wad hae a rive
O' Willie's surplus siller;
But Willie kens when mautsters thrive,
It's ruin to the miller.
Sae on his purse he cuist a knot,
Bade them gie owre the askin',
But slipped intae our auld tea-pot
Anither denty maskin'.

My blessin's on yer honour'd pow, &c.

Hech, bodies, but I mind o't yet,
How we envied the gentles,
That tea at gowden price could get,
Thanks to their rousin' rentals;
But noo, shame fa' the thowless she
That Willie's boon mislippins,
When she can get o' prime *Bohea*
A lucky ounce for tippance.

My blessin's on yer honour'd pow, &c.

Sae cock we noo our mutches up,
An' sen' our tippance birlin',
While, ready for the cheery cup,
We keep our kettles dirlin' ;

An' as we sing o' Willie's praise,
Outowre ilk gusty mouthfu'
We'll leeve again the happy days
When we were blythe an' youthfu'.

My blessin's on yer honour'd pow,
Yer honour'd pow, yer honour'd pow,
My blessin's on yer honour'd pow,
Kind-hearted Willie Gladstone.

JUNE, 1865.

The Woonin' O't.

AIR—"The Wee Pickle Tow."

I KEN o' twa lovers that win i' the wast,
An' they hae been lang at the woonin' o't,
They're true as the steel, an' to ither stick fast,
An' couthie's their billin' an' cooin' o't.
They've jookit an' cookit twall towmonts an' mair,
They've ruggit an' tuggit at ilk ither's hair,
Cuist out an' agreeet, as become a Scotch pair,
But, waesocks, they're drieck i' the cluein' o't.

I canna conceive what the twa wad be at,
To taigle sae lang at the woonin' o't:
They're baith abune thretty, I'm certain o' that,
Yet they're fiddlin' still at the cooin' o't.

They've vapert an' capert, they've ranted an' sang ;
They've lampit an' trampit the kintra alang ;
At ither folk's waddens they've lap an' they've flang,
But ne'er ta'en a hint at the viewin' o't.

O wow, but I'm scunnert to see twa auld fuils
Keep hing-dringin' sae at the woolin' o't,
As if their cauff-love had just shuitten its hools,
Ere yet they kent ocht o' the mouin' o't.
An' claivers an' haivers the parish maun hae,
An' jokers an' mockers are rowth ilka day ;
Od ! I winner they dinna mak ane o' the tway,
An' gie us a dance at the doin' o't.

It isna vile siller sets 'tween them a bar,
Though aft it miscarries the woolin' o't,
For in station an' gear they're baith about par,
An' kinsfolk wish weel to the cooin' o't.
Yet they'll pauner an' dauner roun Cupid's green bowers,
Till hurrys, by-scurrys, their season o' flowers,
Syne twa fushionless timmers, when Eild surly lowers,
They'll wed, an' begin to the ruein' o't.

O wad they but tak the advice I sall gie,
They'll tarry nae mair owre the woolin' o't,
But marry aff-luif like my Peggy an' me,
Wha ne'er has seen cause for the ruein' o't.
Life's treasures an' pleasures are freshest in Spring,
An' sweetest an' meetest the shorter they hing,
Sae let them get wed, an' gie scandal the fling,
Nor longer tig-tow at the doin' o't.

Whulk o' the Twa.

AIR—"Come under my plaidie."

THE lads o' the clachan hae gien owre the lauchin',
That used to come courtin' Meg Miller an' me;
They've taen to the swearin', the fechtin', an' tearin',
Sin' 'bout our attractions they canna agree;
Sae we hae consented to let plain be prented
The ditty our gutcher's made 'bout us to blaw;
It's plain i' the wordin', an' this is its burden—
Fye, haste ye noo, laddies, say whulk o' the twa.

O' years we hae plenty, we're baith abune twenty,
An' baith alike anxious to get a bit man;
Sae mak us an offer, we'll think owre the proffer,
Ye canna a' get us hooe'er ye may ban.
We've baith a bit mailin', twa kye yont the hallan,
Our kists wi' warm beddin' are fou's they can staw,
Our cash huggers fenny count penny for penny:
Fye, haste ye noo, laddies, say whulk o' the twa.

Meg's tall an' she's slender, her heart it is tender,
She's gentle's the quatest wee lamb i' the fauld;
I'm stoot an' am dumpish, I'm steerin' an' rompish,
Wi' daffin' an' lauchin' for young an' for auld.
Meg's hair, to a shavin, is dark as the raven,
Her face, a thocht langish, is bonny for't a';
My locks they are brounish, my face it is rounish:
Fye, haste ye noo, laddies, say whulk o' the twa.

Meg's cheeks are as bonnie, and rosy as ony,
 Her broo like the lily, sae modest an' fair;
 But, lads, my complexion's the pink o' perfection,
 A guid staunen colour, an' sib to my hair.
 Meg's een are aye dancin', wi' wisdom aye glancin',
 An' dark as the glossy jet wing o' the crow;
 While mine hae the merry tinge o' the blaeberry:
 Fye, haste ye noo, laddies, say whulk o' the twa.

Sae gie owre the fechtin', an' set to the wechtin'
 Our ilka perfection, sae winsome an' rare;
 When sic are to marry, it's madness to tarry,
 We'll surely fit some o' ye juist till a hair.
 Our counsel to sum up, the laddie whase hammock
 Has room in't, wi' honour, for ane neist the wa',
 Here's I or Meg Miller, the lass for his siller:
 Fye, haste ye then, laddies, say whulk o' the twa.

THE two following pieces were amongst the very earliest
 of the Author's compositions:—

Forbes M'Kenzie.

AIR—" *Whistle owre the lave o't.*"

Wha's Granny Scotland's truest frien' ?
 Wha sends hame timeously at e'en
 Her drouthy bairns, to boozin' gi'en ?
 Wha but Forbes M'Kenzie !

Wha has the first instalment paid ?
Ay, to the root the axe has laid,
That yet shall fell the whisky trade ?
Wha but Forbes M'Kenzie !

What chiel has dune maist in his time,
Whate'er gowks say in prose or rhyme,
To lessen druckenness an' crime ?
Wha but Forbes M'Kenzie !
Wha may yon wifie, wad she speak,
Thank for her jo at ingle cheek,
When aiblins he wad been to seek ?
Wha but Forbes M'Kenzie !

Yet wha, alas, for sic a boon,
Is lee'd upon through a' the toun,
An' ca'd a hame-corruptin' loon ?
Wha but Forbes M'Kenzie !
Wha is't that publicans wad fain
See wallowin' amang the slain—
Wha's very heart's-bluid they wad drain ?
Wha but Forbes M'Kenzie's !

Wha, when comes roun' the great affray,
Sall bauldly face his every fae,
Nor is there doot will win the day ?
Wha but Forbes M'Kenzie !
Wha, then, may clap his wings, an' craw,
In proud defiance o' them a',
While struttin' roun' Sanct Stephen's ha' ?
Wha but Forbes M'Kenzie !

The Faithfu' Dowg.

THE scene o' our brief story's laid
In Erin's verdant isle ;
But whether south, north, east, or wast,
Is scarcely worth our while
To be sae nice about the spot :
Suffice it, we avoo
'Twas somewhaur there the thing occur'd,
An' that the tale is true.

Our hero, tho' he liked a glass,
An' whiles gade on the gell,
Nae drucken ragamuffin was,
But spruce as ony swell.
Nae soleless shoon were on his feet,
On's head nae croonless hat ;
But ilka thing, e'en tae the breeks,
Were o' the newest cut.

A dowgie o' the spaniel breed
Trot, trotted by his side ;
An' och, but he had muckle need
To ha'e a faithfu' guide.
An' tho' 'tis said the lower brutes
Can reason nane ava,
It prov'd itsel', or a' was dune,
The wisest o' the twa.

Fresh frae the worship o' the god,
Alang the street he reels,
But Bacchus his devotion pays
By trippin' up his heels ;
While in the warsel, his gowd watch
Out o' his pouch did bab,
Whilk to "light-fingered gentry"
Had been a glorious grab.

But na; the faithfu' frien' was there,
To guard his maister's gear,
An' held it firm between his claws,
Nor frae his side wad steer ;
Yet scann'd him wi' a waefu' look,
That plainly seemed to say—
"Hech, man, but ye're an humblin' sicht,
To men an' dowgs this day."

Unconscious, there the drunkard lay,
While bairns and idle folks
Sune gather'd roun' frae far an' near,
An' pass'd aff mony jokes.
Some feelin' hearts wad fain ha'e roused
The sot out o' his sleep,
But saw by his companion's looks
They'd best their distance keep.

At length a "Charlie" joined the crowd,
To see what was the row,
Thinking, nae doot, to hae a job,
But was mista'en, I trow ;

For dowgie wadna' let him near
His maister, lowly laid,
But guarded aff the baton's pokes
Wi' his ain genty head.

At length, what wi' the crowd's guffaws,
An' barkin' o' his frien',
The hapless wicht cam' to himsel',
Ope'd wide his rowin' e'en,
An' spied his watch in dowgie's care,
Return'd it to his pouch,
Syne stagger'd thro' the jeerin' thrang,
A vera trumlin crouch.

Puir dowgie wagg'd his tail for joy,
To see him on his feet,
An' barket out some merry peals
As they gaed down the street;
An' doubtless but he saw him hame,
At least as far's we ken,
Unless, indeed, the fule resought
The silly drunkard's den.

Our tale is tauld : what think ye o't,
Ye votaries o' the glass ?
O what a humblin' sicht to see
Men brocht to sic a pass !
Nor is't the puir untutored wretch
Alane gaes aff the straucht,
Whase appetite ne'er lets him keep
Scarce tippence in his aucht.

Nane are exempt—in ilka sphere
Victims the tyrant finds :
Ere noo, the pu'pit, bar, an' state,
Ha'e mourn'd owre ruin'd minds ;
An' Coila's Bard, whase vera name
Gars a' my pulses glow,
Yet sorrowfully I wad ask,
What was his greatest foe ?

Then, England, nobly carry out
The wark ye ha'e begun,
An' tell the monster to his teeth
His race is nearly run ;
Scotland, rax out yer horny hauns,
An' smash yer whisky jugs ;
Auld Erin, see that ye tae act
As wisely as yer dowgs.

THE END.

